"DOWN TO SLEEP."

- November woods are bare and still;
 November days are clear and bright;
 Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
 The morning's snow is gone by n ght;
 Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
 As through the woods I reverent creep,
 Watching all things lie "down to sleep."
- I never knew before what beds,
 Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch.
 The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
 I never knew before how much
 Of human sound there is in such
 Low tones as through the forest sweep
 When all wild things lie "down to sleep."
- Each day I find new coverlids
 Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
 Sometimes the viewless mother bids
 Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
 I hear their chorus of "good night;"
 And half I smile, and half I weep,
 Listening while they lie "down to sleep."
- November woods are bare and still;
 November days are bright and good;
 Life's nose barns up life's morning chill;
 Like's night rests feet which long have stood;
 Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
 The mother will not fall to keep.
 Where we can lay us "down to sleep."
 H. H.

THE HAUNTED VIOLIN.

TRANSLATED BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

Karl Hafitz had devoted six years to the study of counterpoint and to the works of Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven and Rossini; he was blessed with good health, and an ample fortune enabled him to indulge his artistic tastes; in fact, he possessed every requisite for the production of great musical compositions, excepting the indispensable one-inspiration.

Every day or two he presented him-self, full or ardor, before his worthy teacher Albertus Kilian, and displayed a large score, which was indeed harmonious but which invariably reminded the hearer of some other composition.

Master Albertus, seated in his great arm-chair with his feet on the andirons, his elbow on the table, and a pipe in his mouth, calmly struck out phrase after phrase of his pupil's work, and when Karl, almost crying with vexation, exclaimed and objected, the old man quietly opened one of his numberless music books, pointed to a passage and said.

"Look here, my boy." Then Karl bowed his head and felt

like giving up in despair. One morning, however, he brought the girl had disappeared.

"Now I will go to bed," he said after a pause and his host lighted a lamp and the ladder, opening the another composition, but alas! it was a fantasia of Baccherini with variations from Viotti, and the master's patience gave out completely.

"Karl Hafitz, do you take me for a that I cannot see through your un-worthy thefts? Really, this is too and take care not to set the house much!" Then, seeing consternation in on fire."
his hearer's face he added quietly, "I He pp! know how it is Karl, your memory cheats you—you mistake recollection for invention. The trouble is, you are too fat; the wine you drink is so good and all your fare so rich that your in-

master, "science you have, but ideas red to him that, a few days before, are wanting, and that is not to be wondered at, for when your violin rests upon a heap of fat, how can you expect the strings to vibrate?"

A look of intelligence gleamed in Karl's eyes, and he exclaimed earn-

"I will not shrink from any sacrifice, I will grow thin, at all costs, even though I become consumptive. bertus embraced his pupil in delight, and bade him God-speed, and the next day, Karl Hafitz set out, bag and staff in hand, to take a long journey. He walked all over Switzerland, but at the end of six weeks, in spite of a considerable reduction in his weight, inspira-tion was as far from him as before.
"Who could be more miserable than

I?" he thought, "neither fasting nor feasting makes my spirit rise to the diapason of the sublime. What have I done to deserve such a cruel fate? A lot of lazy idiots are able to produce musical works while I, with all my science, my work and my courage amount to nothing. Ah, God is un-

He was now walking along the road between Bruck and Fribourg; night was coming on, and the traveller was ready to drop with fatigue. Suddenly he saw in the moonlight an old tumble-down house with crumbling chimneys, a disjointed door, and broken heath, and rustled the brambles and slumber. thistles that grew round the door.

tion he rapped at the door.
"Who is there? What do you want?"

asked a gruff voice from within. "I want supper and a night's lodging," answered the traveller and the next minute the door opened, and a grey-haired man appeared. He was wrapped in a large cloak and held a large hatchet in one hand and behind him, the fire-light displayed the bare broken walls of the room, and a ladder leading to the loft obove. Standing near the hearth was a pale, fragile-looking girl dressed in a thin cotton gown, and her black eyes which were fixed upon the door, wore an expression of mingled fear and sadness.

"Come in," said the man, "it is not the weather for standing in the door-way." Karl grasped his stick more firmly, but thinking it unwise to show any hesitation, entered the dismal room and sat down on a stool before the

"Let me take your bag and staff," said the host, and for a moment Karl trembled in every limb, but his bag was unbuckled, and placed with the staff in a corner, and the old man seated calmly by the hearth, before the traveller had recovered from his sur-

"My good host," said the latter with a smile, "I should not be sorry to have some supper."

"What would you like to have?" asked the man gravely.
"A ham-omelette, some cheese, and bottle of wine," replied Karl prompt-

"You have a good appetite," returned his host, "it is unfortunate that our provisions are almost exhausted."

"You have no cheese even?"

"No. Sir. "Nor butter?"

"No. "Nor bread-nor milk?"

"What on earth have you, then?" "Nothing, Sir, excepting a few roast

At that moment, Karl caught sight of a whole family of hens 100sting on the rungs of the ladder; there were white, black and red hens, some with their heads under their wings, others with their heads sunken in their feathers, while one tall, thin, white creature was busily pluming itself.

"Surely you have eggs!" said the hungry traveller, but the landlord an-

"We took them all to market at Bruck this morning."

"Then cook one of your fowls-"began Karl, but he had hardly uttered the words when the young girl rushed foward the ladder, her face paler than over, and her hair dishevelled.

"No, no!" she cried "you shall not touch my hens—you shall not kill Goa's creatures. Her voice and look were so wild that

Hafitz hastened to reassure her, saying: "No, of course we must not harm We can eat potatoes-I am devoted to potatoes," and after a moment he added eagerly, "My good man, I will stay here for a long time; this is just the place I have been seeking, I will stay three months, -six monthsas long as is necessary-I will stay un-I am thin as a fakir!'

He was so excited that the old man stared at him in wonder, and then whispered to the girl: "Look at him, Ginevra, the Spirit

has taken possession of him!" The voice of the wind outside grew louder, and the fire flared in the chimney and sent a column of gray smoke to the ceiling; the hens seemed to be dancing on the ladder, and the girl began to sing a quaint tune in a wild piercing voice, while the green wood in the fire seemed to shed tears as it accompanied her with its plaintive sighs. Karl Hafitz decided that he had got into a sorcerer's den, but he ate two large potatoes and drank water out of

led the way up the ladder, opening the

trap-door with his head.
"There is your bed," said the old donkey?" he cried; "do you suppose man when they had entered a garret

He put the lamp on the floor, and went down stairs, closing the trap-door, and Hafitz sat down on the great feather bed, and reflected. He wondered if it would be prudent to allow him-self to fall asleep in this strange tellect is dulled. You must starve abode, and was recalling to his "Starve!" repeated the pupil in aspoishment.
"Or else give up music," said his paster, "science you have, but ideas bets and that the face of one of the swinging corpses bore a strong resemblance to the man who had just left him. He had learned that the wretched creature's name was Melchior, that he had been a musician, and that he had killed in a fit of anger an inn-keeper who had insisted on the payment of a few crowns due him.

Karl Hafitz had often played Mel-chior's compositions and had been so fascinated by their fantastic beauty that he had envied him his genius. Now, however, a shudder passed over him, and he seemed to look once more on the ghastly figure swinging in the wind with garments fluttering, and a flock of screeching crows flying round it. As he glanced round him half fearfully he saw at the end of the loft an old violin hanging on the wall, and surmounted by two withered palm branches. At the sight a sort of panic seized him, and he had started up as if to fly from the place when he heard the gruff voice of his host exclaiming.

"Put out the light, and go to sleep! You will burn the house down!" Hurriedly Karl obeyed, and then threw himself upon the bed, resolving, however, that he would not close his eyes. The wind moaned piteously, night-birds called to each other in the neys, a disjointed door, and broken darkness, little mice crept out along window-panes. The wind came howling desolately over the surrounding his determination Karl was lulled into

At one o'clock in the morning he "It does not look very inviting, in fact, quite the contrary," thought Karl, "but one must not judge by appearances," and without a moment's hesitalooked towards the end of the loft. There, under the sloping roof, a man was crouching. It was Melchior, the murderer! His chest and neck were bare, and his black hair was falling over his long shoulders; he was so thin that he looked like the skeleton of a great grasshopper; a moonbeam that shone through the dormer window gave him a bluish hue, and all around him hung the spiders' broad webs.

While Karl gazed in silent awe and wonder, the skeleton stretched out a long gaunt arm, and seizing the violin from the wall laid it against his shoul-

der and began to play. At first the music was funereal-sad as the sound of the earth falling upon the coffin of a beloved one; solemn as the thunder of cataracts prolonged by mountain echoes; majestic as the au-tumn wind sweeping through a forest, mournful as the voice of despair. Then in the midst of this wild sobbing there in the midst of this wild sobbing there rose a soft clear silvery song, as of a band of gay goldfinches in a flowering hedge; they seemed to be trilling in an ecstasy of joy, until suddenly, away they flew, startled by the sound of a waltz, a soft, breathless laughing strain; then love, bliss, despair, laughter, tears, shrieks, all came pouring out pell-mell from under the throbbing bow.

Hafitz stretched his arms towards the Hafitz stretched his armstowards the player and exclaimed rapturously.

"Oh great, great, artist, oh sublime genius! To think that you were hanged for killing a brute of an inn-keeper who did not know one note of music from another! For that you are condemned to wander, a spirit, in the moonbeams; ah! such wondrous talent!"

"What is the matter with you, up there? Are you ill, or is the house on

There was a sound of heavy footsteps on the ladder, a light shone through the cracks in the floor, the trap opened, and the old man appeared.

"Ah, my host, what does this mean?" cried Karl, "sublime music raises me to the seventh heaven one minute, and departs like a dream, the next!" The man was thoughtful for a few minutes and muttered half inaudibly: "I ought to have foreseen it. Melchior has been here again-will he al-

ways return?" Then he added, "come, friend, you will get no more sleep tonight; come down and smoke a pipe with me." Karl needed no urging, but hurried-ly went down the ladder, and sitting

with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands was soon lost in s reverie, while the old man rekindled the fire and taking his seat on the other side of the hearth smoked his pipe in silence.

At last the gray dawn peered in through the tiny windows, the cock crowed, and the hens gravely hopped down the ladder, one step at a time. The traveller buckled on his bag,

took up his stick, and asked of his host: "What do I owe you?" With a strange look the man replied:

"You owe me one prayer in the ehapel of St. Blaise for the soul of my son, Melchier, who was hanged, and another prayer for his betrothed wife. Genevra, mad with grief."

"Is that ali?" "That is all."

"Farewell then, I shall not forget." "True to his word Karl went straight to the chapel in Fribourg, and prayed for the unhappy artist and for the wo-man who loved him. Then he hurried to an inn, called for a bottle of wine, spread out his music paper, wrote at the top of the first page, THE HAUNTED VIOLIN, and completed at one sitting. his first successful musical composi-ERCEMANN CHATRIAN.

PECULIAR ANIMALS.

Burdette Subscribes to the Truth of This Account.

A writer in Harper's Magazine says

that a horse when tied in the stable should "always be kept with his head so that he may see the passers by and the other horses, and thus amuse and occupy himself." That is a good plan, says Bob Burdette, but I think mine is still better. I have never noticed him "politely passing hay" to the other horses in the stable, but possibly that is because there are no other horses. I have frequently obser-ed him dividing his oats with the hens, which is much the same thing. And he has the hay fever, just like "folks." Yes, indeed. But I was going to speak about making provision for his hours in the stable. When he is to be left alone stable. any length of time, we always place the morning paper, a copy of the Nation and a late magazine or two in his feed box, and he looks over them with great interest. On one occasion he so plainly resented my taking away a late magazine, a number containing some wonderful stories about real dogs which I wished to show to the terra cotta pug, that I looked to see what article so deeply interested the noble animal. I found he was in the midst of a bright sketch of travel in the "Feedye islands." Don't tell me a horse hasn't human intelligence. The fact is, the people who sneer at these stories of the remarkable intelligence of animals are coarse and unintelligent people, who know nothing about animals. The more people study their brute companions, the more clearly and cor rectly do they understand, neigh, com prehend them. Look at the wild Indian; what he doesn't know about horses isn't worth knowing. And he believes his horse will go to heaven with him. Whether the horse believes that the Indian will go to heaven or not, we have no means as yet, of ascertaining. This horse of wine, I am condent, has opinions on the subject, because one of his favorite books is "Barns'n' Oats on Timothy" He is however, I grieve to say, a heartless sort of brute; the sound of whom never moves him. Like all well bred horses, be has a contain reason. he has a certain sense of humor, and one day, when my little boy quoted, in his presence, the line, "How tall was Alexander, Pa?" the intelligent animal immediately replied, "Box stall," and burst into a horse laugh. Upon one occasion, when everything on the road had passed us, I overheard him saying to himself, softly, "It pace to go slow." He is a horse of contented disposition, although sorrow has left her traces along his ribs. I had to get the rest of the harness myself.

Gave Himself Away. in absconder from Mississippi got as far as Niagara Falls without leaving any trail to be picked up. In crossing the bridge to Goat Island he observed that most of the asses in America had cut or written their names on the

wood work, and he put his there for company and was picked up next day A SILVER-PLATED shovel was used to remove the first earth that marks the beginning of work on the Niagara River Tunnel, which is to be constructed for the purpose of utilizing the lower of Niagara Falls.

Trade-marks were known in ancient Babylon; China had them as early as 1000 B. C., they were authorized in England in 1300; Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade-mark.

The Austro-Hungarian convict who is condemned to die stands on the ground with a rope around his neck, and at a given signal he is pulled off his legs to main struggling in the air until he is

The silk trade of Bengal has declined steadily since 1876, and never before were prices as low as now. The revival of the silk trade in Europe is the reason

'And therefore I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day, And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth say,— Through virtue of vested power,—ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord."

The Puritans suffered from famine last, after nearly a year of privation they gathered in their first harvest in the year 1622. They had twenty acres of corn, and six of barley and pease, and this was enough to supply them with food for a long time. Governor Bradford recommended that they gather together for the purpose of prayer and praise, and they concluded to have a feast as well. So, great preparations were made and the hunters went out into the forest to find most feast as duties enjoined in the New into the forest to find most feast and duties enjoined in the New into the forest to find most feast and duties enjoined in the New into the forest to find most feast and duties enjoined in the New into the forest to find most feast and numble preachers. "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." dinner. They came back loaded down with venison and wild turkey. The Puritans did not forget the Indians, and they invited Massasoit and ninety of his warriors to the feast.

The year after there was a long drought, the crops were stunted, and they seemed likely to starve to death. A fast day was appointed; for several hours the people prayed without stop-ping, and the rain began to fall while they prayed. The crops revived, and there was a plentiful harvest. Again, a day of thanksgiving was ordered by Governor Bradford. So, gradually the custom of appointing a thanksgiving day after harvest grew to be established, the appointments being made by the governors of the several colonies

During the revolution, a day of na tional thanksgiving was annually recommended by Congress. After the constitution was adopted, Washington appointed such a day, and several other presidents did the same. In 1863 Lincoln made a proclamation for national observance, and since then a proclamation has been issued each year, the last Thursday in November being set aside as Thanksgiving day. Other nations also keep a day of thanksgiving.

The Jewish feast of Tabernacles was a thanksgiving day. For eight days the people did not work, but spent their time eating and drinking. During this they lived in booths made of branches of trees, and great public ceremonies were held, besides the Torship and sacrifices of each house-

wold. hhe ancient Greeks held a great festival in honor of Demeter, the god-dess of the harvest, and the Romans also held a feast after harvest. Both Greeks and Romans held their festivals in September. They had games and sports in the fields, and crowned their household gods with flowers.

Good Words To A Young Man

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S ADVICE TO

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 4 .-- The folwing letter from Henry Ward Beecher to his son is declared on good authority never to have been published. It is reminiscent of the worldly good sense of the advice given to Laertes by Polonius, but it is also permented by the leaven of Christian experience. The precepts in it are those which if followed would produce a good man as well as a gentleman.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Oct. 18, 1878. My Dear Herbert. You are now for the first time really lannehed into life for yourself. You go from your father's house, and from all family connections, to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start, to cust out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and to take on habits the want of which you have found to be

so damaging. (1.) You must not go into debt, Avoid debt as you would the Devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt ash or nothing.

(2.) Make few promises. Religious-ly observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many. 33.) Be scrupuously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either noth-

ing or accurate truth. (4.) When working for others sink yourself out of sight, seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrapulous intregrity. Selfishness is fatal.

self than anybody else expects of your Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody

(6.) Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off.

Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

(7.) The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing; in this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make heats; he patient.

haste; be patient. (8.) Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strives to make money, suddenly, largely and without working for it. They blow soap-bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and Haste are two devils that destroy

usands every year. (9.) In regard to Mr. B., he is a Southern gentleman; he is receiving you as a favor to me; do not let him re-

(10.) I beseech you to correct one fault—severe speech of others; never speak evil of any man, no matter what the facts may be. Hasty fault-finding, and severe speech of absent people, is not honorable, is apt to be unjust and cruel, makes enemies to yourself, and is wicked.

(11.) You must remember that you go to Mr. B— not to learn to manage a farm like his. One or two hundred acres, not forty thousand, is to be your future homestead; but you can learn the care of cattle, sheep, the culture of wheat the climate, country, manners

While he was speaking a harsh voice THE STORY OF THANKSGIVING. I and customs, and a hundred things that will be needfal.

(12.) If by integrity, industry and well-earned success you deserve well o. your fellow citizens, they may in years to come, ask you to accept honors. Do not seek them, do not receive them while you are young-wait; but when you are established you may make your after they came to this country. At Halls of Legislation. Lastly, do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of church privileges, you need all the nerve to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. "Mind

into the forest to find meat for the Testament. May your father's God go with you and protect you.
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Household Art.

Under this caption Clara Bunce, the talented daughter of the late Oliver B. Bunce, chats agreeably and instructively in Sunday's Herald. Many useful and practical hints on color and harmony are given which will be found readily available. Speaking of the dull north side of a house, the writer says: As an example of what can be done to relieve the cold, dreary north side of its dreariness a window in Mr. Harry Fenn's house may well be described. In the large hall, into which all the bedrooms open, is a large window entirely filled with small panes of yellow glass, Each pane differs from the next in some gradation of color, but throughout the who's is the harmony complete. The effect of this window, through which the real sun never shines, is to shed perpetual sunshine, or at least the perfect semblance thereof. So delightful is the result that on grayest days that hall has a message of brightness and of good cheer for each and for all. It is hardly possible to say too much for the ex quisite quality of light diffused through a yellow medium. It is soft and at the same time it is bright. It is subdued, yet full of cheer. In few houses would it be possible to introduce Mr. Fenn's glorious window, but in many is it possible to heed the lesson taught kereby and to profit by it. Many a cheerless and sunless room could be made a delight to its occupant were the windows but filled with panes of yellow tints. If it be allowable to the property and for a part of the judge by results the hint might be offered that plants, those devotees of the sunlight, are cheated by the feigned glow into a rich and rare bloom. At least such would seem to be the case, whether it is scientific or not, for the very window alluded to bears upon its ledge a wealth of luxuriant green Not only is yellow, in its many shades, an excellent substitute for sunshine, but it makes perhaps the best possible medium for shading the glare of either gas or lamp light. There is something gas or lamp light. There is something strong and active, with a ruddy cheek about the light which passes through a and bright eye. Much of his time in yellow shade that is at once warm and restful. Surely the color that diffuses a glow and at the same time gives rest to weary eyes is deserving of general

Longevity of Poets.

recognition.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: I said to Long'ellow that certain statistical ables I had seen went to show that poets were not a long-lived race. He doubted whether there was anything to prove they were particularly short-lived. Soon after this, he handed me a list he had drawn up. I cannot lay my hand upon it at this moment, but I remember that Metastasio was the oldest of them all. He died at the age of eighty-four. I have had some tables made out, which I have every reason to believe are correct so far as they go. From these, it appears that twenty English poets lived to the average age of fifty-six years and a little over. The eight American poets on the list averaged seventy-three and a half, nearly, and they are not all dead yet. The list including Greek, Latin, Italian and German poets, with American and English, gave an average of a little over sixty-two years. Our young poets need not be alarmed. They can remember that Bryant lived to be eighty-three years old, that Longfellow reached seventy-five and Halleck sev-Selfishness is fatal.

(5.)Hold yourself responsible for a the age of nearly eighty-two.

(5.)Hold yourself responsible for a the age of nearly eighty-two.

Some is still writing at eighty, and bright of the age of nearly eighty-two.

Browning seems in flourishing health the age of nearly eighty-two.

Browning seems in flourishing health the age of nearly eighty-two. enty-seven, while Whittier is living at and vigor at seventy-seven.

> Furs are worn enormously, for entire garments, for linings, and for trimming all sorts of dresses.

A SEARCH for the oldest clergyman in A SEARCH for the oldest clergyman in England shows that Rev. John Elliott, vicar of Bandwick, will be one hundred and three months. He preached up to the age of ninety-eight regularly and occasionally last year. He goes to church now regularly every Sunday, and occasionally visits parishioners.

The path that leads to a Loaf of Bread
Winds through the Swamps of Toil,
And the path that leads to a Suit of Clothes
Goes through a flowerless soil,
And the paths that lead to a Loaf of Bread
And the Suit of Clothes are hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a House of Yeur Own
Climbs over the bowldered hills,
And the path that leads to a Bank Account
Is swept by the blast that kills:
But the men who start in the paths to-day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.

In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade
By the dreamy Brooks of sleep,
And the rollicking River of Pleasure laughs
And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of winter come,
The brooks and the river are frozen dumb.

Then woe to those in the Lazy Hills
When the blasts of winter moan,
Who strayed from the path to a Bank Account

count
And the path to a House of Their Own;
These paths are hard in the summer heat,
But in winter they lead to a mug retreat.
—S. W. Foss in Yankee Bit

HEAPTLESS AFRICANS.

The Uncivilized Native Utterly Devoid of Feeling.

It is the utter absence of "feeling" of sympathy for their kind, of pity for sugering, of all that is best in the heart of a white man, that jars so harshly on the sensibilities when one first comes in contact with Africans. That young warrior who has been making himself so agreeable about your tent, whose fine physique you have admired, and whose amiability has created a favorable impression from the first, will take part in a slave hunt to-morrow. lie will think no more of jabbing his spear through a poor old woman because she isn't worth bringing away than you would of killing a dog, nor balf so much.

And that laughing young woman with the intelligent face and symmetrical form, who wants you to buy her bunch of bananas, will see her sisters of a neighboring tribe brought in with their necks in heavy yokes, their babes clinging to their backs, their pickaninnies, following at their heels, bellowing with fright She will know they are doomed to slavery, never to see their homes again; she has heard exaggerated stories of the freadful march to the distant coast, of deaths on the way, of babes sold one way and mothers another. She thinks their fate ten times worse than it will in reality be, but she doesn't care. In the stare of curiosits with which she greets the shackled wretches as they are driven in there is not one glint of sympathy or pity. On the contrary, she laughs and claps her hands, for has not her husband taken a prominent part in the raid, and may sne not therefore look confidently forward to coming in for a necklace or two of beads from the Swahili traders who will buy the slaves? She hopes that her gallant warrior of a husband will continue to spear his fellow-Africans, burn their houses, rip up their helpless and unmarketable old mothers, chop down their banana groves and sell their wives and children into slavery until she shall become the most bead-bedecked woman in the tribe. - Bicycler Stevens.

KING OF THE GYPSIES.

He and His Ohio Subjects are Living in Prosperity. A modest brick house standing a little way back from the street, in a suburb of the City of Dayton, O., is year the home of a gypsy of wide repute, the heir apparent to a throne in Little Egypt; and here, and hereabout, is the rendezvous of a numerous band or tribe. This settlement is widely known as the home of some of the richest and most influential families of gypsydom, among them the Stanleys, of whom the present head, Levi, is called the head. This Levi Stanley is a short, heavy-set man of something over 70 years; he is still passed with the traveling parties, while his oldest son, Levi, Jr., is a stalwart, handsome man of 50, as-

sumes much of the active direction of affairs, looking after property, etc.
Lying scattered about to the north of Dayton are many fine farms owned by them. At present most of the farms are in the hands of tenants, for however near the gypsy may be to the primeval man, he has not yet developed a strong liking for the labor of the

primeval occupation. The traveling and camping parties are the most interesting and picturesque feature of gypsy life. These usually consist of a single family, the term family meaning the whole blood connection. It may comprise one or a dozen wagons, and from three or four to nearly half a hundred people. They make long or short journeys, as directed by the king, stopping at each place as long as the state of the horse and palmistry trade warrants-Chautauquan.

"Grant Rode Like a Demon." "Speaking of General Grant's fine horsemanship," said General N. P. Banks, "reminds me of an incident that occurred soon after the battle of Port Hudson, in which he gave me the race of my life. General Grant paid the army under my command a visit at the period mentioned and was asked to review it. He brought with him no horses and I loaned him for the occasion the magnificant bay parade horse which the patriotic citizens of Massachusetts presented to me when I went to the front in 1862. All of my old soldiers will remember that bay horse. I rode on the review a thoroughbred black mare, and I was in a constant state of anxiety lest she would run away with me when warmed. Well, the troops were drawn up in line and we rode down the front lines at a slow pace, but when we reached the rear lines Grant would put the bay at his utmost speed, and as he was nearly thoroughbred he could run. Grant sat on the bay as if he were part of him, but the difficulty I found myself in was not to keep up at the regulation distance, but to prevent my animal from distancing the general and runaing off with me. Grant rode like a demon and I after him until the review was finished, the troops in the meantime watching the scene with interest mingled with astonishment. For some days afterwards the troops were hoard discussing the event, and, as far as I can learn, never settled the question as topwhether it was a horse race or a military review."

Brazil is larger than the United States, but in the whole twenty States which make up the republic there are not as many people as we have in New York and Pennsylvani.

The mania for marriage has prevailed so strongly in Cherokee County, Ia., last year, and the schools suffered so severe y by consequent resignations of teachers, that in making contracts for the current year the school board has re-quired every teacher to subscribe to an agreement not to many during the school