### S HUSKING PARTY.

NEW ENGLAND BALLAD.

BY DEXTER SMITH.

eadows gleam the snow drifts the glances of the moon: a lane the snowbells jingle glad, youthful hearts in tune. h the old barn's slanting rafters

igh are piled the ears of corn, heir sheaths of yellow velvet, oon to be by deft hands torn.

Softly beam the rays from lanterns O'er the merry huskers hung; As they sit around the circle Jokes fly fast and songs are sung.

On a table near the haymow, With the whitest cover dressed. Pans of doughnuts-mugs of cider Wait the busy workers' rest.

O what happy shouts of laughter When the hand of lad or miss Rarely a red ear discovers And the young man claims a kiss!

None are merrier than Huldah, Who from barn to house oft goes. She expects her ci'v cousin. He'll eclipse the country beaux.

Now the floor is cleared for dancing, And the fiddler, Gran'ther Poole, Loudly calls the changing figures, Mounted on a milking stool.

Gracefully the guests are bowing ; Forward, backward, toe and heel, In the movements alternating, Tripping the Virginia reel.

Talk of city hops and functions-The Four Hundred's gilded varn-They are dull beside the frolics Pure and sweet in Brown's old barn !

Hark! The bells are sounding nearer. Huldah's city guest arrives; With him comes a youth from Ireland, Who to learn our manners strives.

Huldah, beaming fresh, and rosy, Queen of beauty and of grace, Finds herself, on introduction, In the stranger's firm embrace,

She starts back in consternation, While the young man, blusbing, too, Turning to her cousin, whispers, "That's what you told me to do!"

"Never!" says the city cousin, "You misund rstood, 'tis clear." "But," the Irish boy continues, "You said kiss the first red ear!"

Then there came full explanations; Girls' ears versus ears of corn; And the dancing and the feasting Lasted till the early morn.

Huldah, happy with her husband, In her heart holds winter dear, And he, blessing Yankee customs. Never sees the corn's red ear

That he does not w. ll remember One glad night in Cedartown, When he saw the frightened glitter In the eyes of Huldah Brown.

rascal had the cheek to have his portrait without losing sight of the other player's taken last year at Porto-Vecchio." While we were looking at the photo the peasant drew near and I saw his eyes vanished and his face assumed its usual stolid appearance.

" Are you not afraid that the presence of a stranger will frighten your cousin time in solitude. and make him stay away on the following Sunday?" we asked.

the game is to be found."

Thereupon we made an appointment players. for the next Sunday, and the fellow Sudde for his dirty trick. When he was gone the Prefect impressed upon me the neshould share the credit of the capture. I assured him that I would not breathe a rated to go to our work and dream of render. And in less time than it takes

promotion too busy with my castles in the air to lo Bastia. notice any of the beauties of the land-

scape At Bonifacio we stopped for dinner. man about my own age, and a native of drawn swords. Paris like myself. A decent sort of a A nice position fellow.

You are probably aware that the Administration, as represented by the Prefect, etc., and the magistrature never got on well together; in Corsica it is worse than elsewhere. The seat of the administration is at Ajaccio, that of the magistrature at Bastia; we two, therefore, belonged to hostile parties. But when you are a long way from home and meet some one from your native place, you forget all else, and talk of the old coun-

We were fast friends in less than no time, and were consoling each other for being in "exile" as he termed it. The bottle of wine had loosened my tongue, and I soon told him, in strict confidence, that I was looking forward to going back to France to take up some good post as a reward for my shate in the capture of Quastana, whom we hoped to arrest at his cousin's house one Sunday evening. When my companion got off the coach at Porto-Vecchio, we felt as though we had known each other for vears.

I arrived at Solenzara between four and five o'clock. The place is populated in winter by workmen, fishermen and custom officials, but in summer every one who can shifts his quarters up in the mountains on account of fever. The village, reached it that Sunday afternoon.

face. I was especially interested in watching Quastana. The photograph was a very good one, but it could not reproflash vengefully; but the look quickly duce the sunburnt face, the vivacity and agility of movement, surprising in a man of his age, and the hoarse, hollow voice peculiar to those who spend most of their

Between two and three hours passed in

this way, and I had some difficulty in "No!" replied the man. "He is too keeping awake in the stuffy air of the fond of cards. Besides, there are many hut and the long stretches of silence new faces about here now on account of the shooting. I'll say that this gentle-man has come for me to show him where time to time I was aroused by a heavy gust of wind, or a dispute between the

Suddenly there was a savage bark from walked off without the least conpunction Bruccio, like a cry of alarm. We all sprang up, and Quastana rushed out of the door, returning an instant afterward cessity for keeping the matter very quiet, and seizing his gun. With an exclma-because he intended that nobody else tion of rage he darted out of the door again and was gone.

Matteo and I were looking at one anword, thanked him for his kindness in other in surprise, when a dozen armed asking me to assist him, and we sepa- men entered and called upon us to sur-

to tell you we were on the ground, bound The next morning I set out in full and prisoners. In vain I tried to make shooting costume, and took the coach the gendarmes understand who I was; which does the journey from Ajaccio to they would not listen to me. "That's Bastia. For those who love nature there | all right; you will have an opportunity is no better ride in the world, but I was of making an explanation when we get

They dragged us to our feet and drove us out with the butt ends of their carbines. Handcuffed, and pushed about When I got in the coach again, just a by one and another, we reached the botlittle elevated by the contents of a good sized bottle, I found that I had a fresh was waiting for us—a vile box, without traveling companion, who had taken a ventilation and full of vermin-into seat next to me. He was an official at which we were thrown and driven to Bastia, and I had already met him; a Bastia, escorted by gendarmes with

A nice position for a Government official!

It was broad daylight when we reached Bastia. The Public Prosecutor, the colonel of gendarmes, and the governor of the prison were impatiently awaiting us. I never saw a man look more astonished than the corporal in charge of the escort, as, with a triumphant smile, he led me to these gentlemen, and saw them hurry toward me with all sorts of apologies, and take off the handcuffs. "What! Is it you?" exclaimed the

Public Prosecutor. "Have these idiots really arrested you? But how did it come about-what is the meaning of it?"

Explanations followed. On the previous day the Public Prosecutor had received a telegram from Porto-Vecchio, informing him of the presence of Quas tana in the locality, and giving precise details as to where and when he could be found. The name of Porto-Vicchio opened my eyes; it was that traveling companions of mine who had played me this shabby trick ! He was the Prosecutor's deputy.

"But, my dear sir," said the Public Prosecutor, "whoever would have expected to see you in shooting costume in the house of the brigand's cousin? We have given you rather a bad time of it, therefore, was nearly deserted when I but I know you will not bear malice, and you will prove it by coming to breakfast with me." Then turning to the corporal, and pointing to Matteo, he said :- "Take this fellow away; we will deal with him in the morning. The unfortunate Matteo remained dumb with fright; he looked appealingly at me, and I, of course, could not do otherwise than explain matters. Taking the Prosecutor on one side I told him that Matteo was really assisting the Prefect to capture the brigand; but as I told him all about the matter his face as sumed a hard, judicial expression.

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Religion at Home." (Issueding Chicago, Ill.)

" TEXT: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."-Joshua xxiv., 15. Absurd, Joshua! You will have no time Absurd, Joshua! You will have no time for family religion; you are a military character, and your time will be taken up with affairs connected with the army, you are a statesman, and your time will be taken up with public affairs; you are the Washington, the Wellington, the McMahon of the Israelitish host; you will have a great many questions to settle; you will have no time for religion. But Joshua, with the same voice with which he commanded the sun and moon to halt and stack arms of sun and moon to halt and stack arms of light on the parade ground of the heavens, says, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Before we adopt the resolution of this old

soldier we want to be certain it is a wise soldier we want to be certain it is a wise resolution. If religion is going to put my piano out of tune, and clog the fest of the children racing through the hall, and sour the bread, and put crape on the doorbell, I do not want it in my house. I once gave \$6 to hear Jenny Lind warble. I have never given a cent to bear any one groan. Will this religion spoken of in my text do any-thing for the dining hall, for the nursery, for the parlor for the sleeping apartment? It is a great de l easier to invite a dis-agreeable guest than to get rid of him. If you do not want religion, you had be'ter you you do not want religion, you had be'ter not ask it to come, for after coming it may stay a great while. Isaac Watts went to visit St. Thomas and Lady Abney at their place

in Theobald and was to stay a week and staid th'rty-five years, and if religion once gets in ... "our household the probability is it will stay there forever. stay there forever. Now, the question I want to discuss is, What will religion do for the household? Cuestion the first. What did it do for your

father's house if you were brought up in a That whole scene has vanished, but it

comes back to day. The hour for morning prayers came. You were invited in. Some- They do not know much about the nobility what fidgety, you sat and listened. Your father made no pretention to rhetorical reading, and he just went through the chap-ter in a plain, straightforward way. Then you all kneit. It was about the same prayer moroing by morning and night by night, for he had the same sins to ask pardon for, and he had the same blessings, for which to be grateful day after day and year after year.

The prayer was longer than you would like to have had it, for the game at ball was waiting, or the skates were lying under the shed, or the schoolbooks needed one or two more looking at the lessons. Your parents, somewhat rheumatic and stiffened with age, found it difficult to rise from their kneeling. The chair at which they knelt is gone, the Bible out of which they read has perhaps fallen to pieces, the parents are gone, the children scattered north, east, south and west, but that whole scene fleshes upon your memory to-day.

Was that morning and evening exercise in your father's house debasing or elevating? Is it not among the most sacred reminis-cences? You were not as devotional as some of the older members of your father's house who were kneeling with yon at the time, and you did not bow your head as closely as they did, and you looked around and you saw just the posture your father and mother assumed while they ware kneeling on the floor. The whole means is so hotographed floor. The whole scene is so photographed on your memory that if you were an artist you could draw it now just as they knelt. For how much would you have that scene obliterated from your memory? It all comes

back to-day, and you are in the homestead again. Father is there, mother is there, all of you children are there. It is the same old

ent" The fact is that the father's come or or the mother's coffin is often the altar of repentance for the child. Oh, that was a stupendous day, the day of father's burial. It was not the officiating clergyman who made the chief impression, nor the sympa-thizing mourners. It was the father asleep in the casket. The hands that had toiled for that house-

in the casket. The bands that had tolled for that house-hold so long, foided. The brain cooled off after twenty or forty years of anxiety about how to put that family in right position. The lips closed after so many years of good advice. There are more tears falling in mother's grave than in father's grave, but over the father's tomb I think there is a kind of awe. It is at that marble oiler of awe. It is at that marble pillar many a young man has been revolutionized.

grave!

Religion did so much for our Christian an-Religion did so much for our contribute and cestry, are we not ready this morning to be willing to receive it into our own households? If we do receive it, let it come through the front door, not through the back door. In If we do receive it, let it come through the front door, not through the back door. In other words, do not let he smuggle it in. There are a great many families who want to be religious, but they do not want any-body outside to know it. They would be mortified to death if you caught them at their family prayers. They would not sing in the worship for fear the neighbors would hear them. They do not have prayers when they have company.

of the western trapper. A traveler going along was overtaken by night and a storm, and he entered a cabin. There were firearms hung up around the cabin. He was alarmed. He had a large amount of money with him, but he did not dare to venture on into the night in the storm. He did not like the looks of the household. After awhile the father, the western trapper, came in, gun on shoulder, and when the traveler looked at him he was still more affrighted.

After awhile the family were whispering together in one corner of the room, and the traveler thought to himself: "Oh! now my traveler thought to himself: "Oh! now my time has come; I wish I was out in the storm and in the night rather than here." But the swarthy man came up to him and stid: "Sir, we are a rough peo-ple; we get our living by hunting, and we are very tired when the right come but here." very tired when the night comes; but before going to bed we always have a habit of reading a little out of the Bible and having prayers, and I think we will have our usual custom to-night, and if you don't believe in that kind of thing if you will just step out-side the door for a little while I will be much obliged to you.'

Oh! there are many Christian parents who have not half the courage of that western trapper. They do not want their religion projecting too conspicuously. They would like to have it near by so as to call on it in case of a functul but as to begin it it in case of a funeral, but as to having it dominant in the household from the lst of January, 7 o'clock a. m., to the 31st of De-camper, 10 o'clock p. m., they do not want

I would be a Christian in the army, and I was resolved not to go home until I could answer her first question." Oa, the almost ournipotent power of the mother! But if both the father and the mother! But if both the father and the mother be right, then the childron are almost sure to be right. The young people may make a wide curve from the straight path, but they are almost sure to come back to the right road. It may not be until the death of one of the mother's built the death of one of the straight path, but they are almost sure to come back to the right road. It may not be until the death of one of the straight path, but they are almost sure to come back to the right road. It may not be until the death of one of the sure rest. "The fact is that the father's coffin or or the mother's coffin is often the alter of repentance for the child. Oh, that was a stupendous day, the day of father's burial. It was not the officiating clergyman who made the chief impression, nor the sympathizing mourners. It was the father asleep in the casket. "The hands that had toiled for the theme are two arms to this subject. The sure the subject is the subject if the subject is the subject in the subject is the subject in the subject is the subject i

There are two arms to this subject. The one arm puts its hand on all parents. It says to them: "Don't interfere with your children's welfare, don't interfere with their children's welfare, don't interfere with their eternal happiness, don't you by anything you do but out your foot and trip them inio ruin. Start them under the shelter, the in-surance, the everlasting help of Christian parentage. Catechisms will not have them, though catechisms are good. The rod will not save them, though the rod may be neces-sary. Lessons of virtue will not save them, though they are very important. Becoming

though they are very important. Becoming a through and through, up and down, out and out Christian yourself will make them Christians."

Christians." The other arm of this subject puts its hand upon those who had a pious bringing up, but who as yet have disappointed the expectations excited in regard to them. I said that children brought up in Christian households, though they might make a wide curve, were very apt to come back to the straight path. Have you not been curving out long enough, and is it not most time for you to begin to curve in? "Oh," you say, "they were too rigid." Well now, my brother, I think you have a pretty good character considering what you say your parents were. Do not boast too much about the style in which your parents brought you up. Might it not be possible

brought you up. Might it not be possible that you would be an exception to the gen-eral rule laid down, and that you might spend your eternity in a different world from that in which your parents are spend-ing there? ing theirs?

I feel auxious about you; you feel anxious about yourself. On, cross over into the right path. If your parents prayed for you twice a day, each of them twice a day for 20 years, that would make 29,000 prayers for you. Think of them!

Think of them! By the memory of the cradle in wh'~'t your childhood was rocked with the i. that long ago ceased to move, by the crib in which your own children siumber night by night under God's protecting care, by the two graves in which sleep those two old hearts that beat with love so long for your welfare, and by the two graves in which you, now the living father and mother, will find your last repose, I urge you to the dis-charge of your duty.

Though parents may in covenant be And have their heaven in view, They are not happy till they see Their children happy too.

Oh, you departed Christian ancestry, fathers and mothers in glory, bend from the skies to-day and give new emphasis to what you told us on earth with many tears and anxieties! Keep a place for us by your blissful side, for to-day, in the presence of earth and heaven and hell, and by the help of the cross and amid overwhelming and gracious memories, we resolve, each one for himself, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord.

Civilization Brings Short Sight.

The subject of shortsightedness in animals was under consideration at a meeting of the Paris Academy of Mediit. They would rather die and have their families perish with them than to cry out in the bold words of the soldier in my text, "As for me and my house, we will serve the products of civilization. An unexcine, when M. Motals, of Angers, mainpected proof of this view was found in There was, in my ancestral line, an incl- the condition of wild beasts, as tigers, lions, etc. M. Motals, having examined their eyes by means of the ophthalmoscope, discovered that those captured after the age of six or eight months retained the long sight natural to them, but that those made captives before that age, and those born in a state of captivity, were short-sighted. Some time since a case was published of a horse in this country that wears spectacles. The farmer who owned him, having come to the conclusion from various symptoms that the horse was shortsighted, got an oculist to take the necessary measurements, and had a pair of spectacles manufactured for him. They were made to fasten firmly into the headstall, so that they did not shake out of place. At first the horse appeared startled by this addition to his harness, but he soon got used to the glasses and liked them. "If fact," said the owner to a Brooklyp Eagle man, "when I turned him out to pasture he felt uneasy and uncomfortable without his goggles, and one Sunday he hung around the barn and whinnied so plaintively that I put the headstall and goggles on him, and he was so glad that he rubbed my shoulder with his nose." It is thought that the vice of shying, which spoils so many otherwise valuable horses, is induced by shortsightedness. The animals caunot see some particular object sufficiently plainly to feel sure that it is of a harmless reture, and so shies away from it. Owners of dogs may often prove that their pets suffer from short sight, and it will often be found that a dog is unable to recognize people with whose appear-ance it is most intimate when they are a little way off, while another dog at the same distance has no difficulty whatever in recognizing them. Dogs have been provided with spectacles in the same way as the farmer's horse alluded to, and have been conclusively shown to have derived great benefits from them .- New Orleans Picayune.

# QUASTANA, THE BRIGAND.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

I.

author by profession I could make a there?" pretty big book of the administrative which will probably amuse you :

Ajaccio. One morning I was at the man servant brought me a note, hastily from us. written in pencil: "Come at once; I want you. We have got the brigand, a big dog, who barked furiously at us. Quastana." I uttered an exclamation of One would have imagined that he meant joy and went off as fast as I could to the Prefecture. I must tell you, that under the Empire, the arrest of a Corsican ban-the stop us going farther along the road. "Here, Bruccio, Bruccio!" cried my guide—then, leaning toward me, he said : ditto was looked upon at a brilliant ex-ploit, and meant promotion, especially if you threw a certain dash of romance watch." Turning to the dog again, he about it in your official report.

scarce. The people were getting more civilized and the vendetta was dying out. The enormous animal quieted down and came and sniffed around our legs. If by chance a man did kill another in a It was a splendid Newfoundland dog, row, or do something which made it ad- with a thick, white, wooly coat, which visable for him to keep clear of the po- had obtained for him the name of Bruclice, he generally bolted to Sardinia in- cio (white cheese). He ran out in front stead of turning brigand. This was not of us to the house-a kind of stone nut. to our liking; for no brigand, no promo- with a large hole in the roof, which did tion. However, our Prefect had suc- duty for both chimney and window. ceeded in fluding one; he was an old In the centre of the room stood a rough rascal, Quasiana by name, who, to table, around which were several "seats" avenge the murder of his brother, had made of portions of trunks of trees, killed, goodness knows how many people. hacked into shape with a chopper. A He had been pursued with vigor, but had torch stuck in a piece of wood gave a escaped, and after a time the hue and cry flickering light, around which flew a had subsided and he had been forgotten. swarm of moths and other insects.

Fifteen years had passed, and the man having heard of the affair and obtained a shrewd, sunburnt, clean shaven face. his predecessor. We were beginning to smoke. despair of our promotion: you can, therefore, imagine how pleased I was to went in, "this is a gentleman who is goreceive the note from my chief.

confidently to a man of the true Corsician close to the spot in good time topeasant type.

a visit every Sunday evening to have r second; then, apparently satisfied, he game of scopa. Now, it seems that saluted me and took no further notice of these two had some words the other Sun- me. Two minutes later the cousins were day, and this fellow is determined to absorbed in a game of scops. have revenge; so he proposes to hand his cousin over to justice, and, between you me, I believe he means it. But, as I want to make the capture myself, and in as brilliant a manner as possible, it is advis-able to take precautions in order not to expose the Governmment to ridicule. That's what I want you for. You are That's what I want you for. Fou are used to money they played for their body knows you; I want you to go and see for certain if it really is Quastana who see for certain if it really is Quastana who goes to this man's house.'

I entered a small inn and had something to eat while waiting for Matteo. Time went on and the fellow did not put in an appearance; the innkeeper began to look at me suspiciously and I felt

rather uncomfortable. At last there came a knock, and Matteo entered. "He has come to my house," he said,

Misadventures? Well, if I were an raising his hat. "Will you follow me

We went outside. It was very dark mishaps which befel me during the three and windy; we stumbled along a stony years I spent in Corsica as legal adviser path for about three miles-a narrow to the French Prefecture. Here is one path, full of small stones and overgrown with luxuriant vegetation, which pre-I had just entered upon my duties at vented us from going quickly.

"That's my house," said Matteo, club, reading the papers which had just pointing among the bushes to a light arrived from Paris, when the Prefect's which was flickering at a short distance

A minute later we were confronted by

called out : - "That's all right, old fel-Unfortunately brigands had become low-do you take us for policemen?"

The enormous animal quieted down

At the table sat a man who looked like had lived in seclusion, but our Prefect, an Indian or Provincial fishermen, with a clew to his whereabouts, endeavored to He was leaning over a pack of cards and capture him with no more success than was enveloped in a cloud of tobacco

"Cousin Quastana," said Matteo as we ing a shooting with me in the morning. I found him in his study talking very He will sleep here to night, so as to be

morrow." When you have been an outlaw and "This is Quastana's cousin," said the Prefect to me, in a low tone. "He lives in had to fly for your life you look with the little village of Solenzara, just above suspicion upon a stranger. Quastana advertised as the "Talking Fibh." was, in Porto-Vecchio, and the brigand pays him looked me straight in the eyes, for a reality, a species of the African seal well

terest as they sat opposite each other si-lently playing the game. They watched each other's movements, the cards either

"I am sorry for the Prefecture," he said; but I have Quastana's cousin and I won't let him go! He will be tried with some peasants, who are accused of having supplied the brigand with provisions.

"But I repeat that this man is really in the service of the Prefecture," I protested

"So much the worse for the Prefecture," said he with a laugh. "I am going to give the administration a lesson it won't forget, and teach it not to med. dle with what doesn't concern it. There is only one brigand in Corscia, and you want to take him! He's my game, I tell you. The Prefect knows that, yet he tries to forestall me! Now I will pay him out. Matteo shall be tried; he will, of course, appeal to your side; there will be a great to-do, and the brigand will be put on his guard against his cousin and gentlemen of the Prefecture who go shooting.

Well, he kept his word. We had to appear on behalf of Matteo, and we had a nice time of it in the court. I was the laughing stock of the place. Matteo was acquitted, but he could no longer be of use to us, because Quastana was forewarned. He had to quit the country.

As to Quastana, he was never caught. He knew the country, and every peasant was ecretly ready to assist him; and although the soldiers and gendarmes tried their best to take him, they could not manage it. When I left the island he was still at liberty, and I never heard anything about his capture since .--- [The

## A Fish That Could Talk.

A natural curiosity captured on the

coast of Africa on May 5th, 1854, by Signor Cavana and exhibited in all the great cities of Europe during the years 1859, 1850, 1861 and 1862, where it was known to naturalists on account of its wonderful powers of mimicry. This particular animal was about twelve feet n length and weighed something over 800 pounds. It had a fine dog-like head and large beautiful black eyes, which seemed to sparkle with intelligence whenever the creature was spoken to by anyone. It was very docile, and, when told to dance, would roll over and over in its bathtub, with first tail and then head above the water, all the time chattering as though enjoying the sport as much as the spectators did. It soon learned many odd tricks and, it is claimed, learned to articulate at least "But I have neverseen this Quastana," I began. My chief pulled out his pocketbook and drew forth a photograph much the worse for wear. "Here you are!" he exclaimed. "The the Lord."

prayer, opening with the same petition, closing with the same thanksgiving. The family prayers of 1840-50 as fresh in your family prayers of 1840-50 as fresh in your memory as though they were uttered yester-day. The tear that starts from your eye melts all that scene. Gone, is it? Why, many a time it has held you steady in the struggle of life. You once started for a place, and that memory jerked you back, and you could not enter. The broken prayer of your father has had more effect on you than all you ever read in

more effect on you than all you ever read in Shakespeare and Milton and Tennyson and You have gone over mountains and across seas. You never for a moment got out of sight of that domestic altar. Oh, my friends, is it your opinion this morning that the 10 or 15 minutes substracted from each day for family devotion was an econeach day for family devotion was an econ-omy or a waste of time in your father's household? I think some of us are coming to the conclusion that the religion which was in our father's house would be a very appropriate religion for our homes. If fam-ily prayers did not damage that household, there is no probability that they will damage "Is God dead?' said a child to her father.

dent so straugely impressive that it seems more like romance than reality. It has sometimes been so inaccurately put forth that I now give you the true incident. My grandfather and grandmother, living at Somer-ville, N. J., went to Baskinridge to witness a revival under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Finley. They came nome so impressed with what they had seen that they resolved on the ministry of their solved on the salvation of their children.

The young people of the house wers to go off for an evening party, and my grandmother said: "Now, when you are all ready for the

"Now, when you are all ready for the party, come to my room, for I have some-thing very important to teil you." All ready for departure, they came to her room, and she said to them, "Now, I want you to remember, while you are away to seven-ingg, that I am all the time in this room praying for your salvation, and I shall not come traving until you get back." The case praying until you get back." The young people went to the party, but amid the loudest hilarities of the night they could not forget that their mother was praying for them. The evening passed, and the night passed.

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#### Why He Didn't Tell Him.

George Butler, Canon of Winchestes Cathedral, was the son of Doctor Butler, the head master of Harrow. The boy grew up to be a dignified and serious man, a power in philanthropy and the church, but that he had a demure sense of humor is shown by one anecdote of his earliest years.

Doctor Butler wore a fine suit of black, with knee breeches and cloth gaiters, and with his powdered hair was a figure calculated to move any schoolboy to admiration and awe. One morning little George watched him as he set out for school, and observed that his father wore only one gaiter. When Doctor Butler returned he said to the lad :

"You were here, George, when I went away this morning. Didn't you see that I had only one gaiter?"

"Yes, papa." "Then why didn't you tell me?" "Because," answered George, inno-cently, "I thought it would amuse the boys."-Philadelphia Record.

Nero was fond of music and attained great proficiency in the art.

Strand Magazine.