

The Reign of Ice.
Roused from the chill of a frozen sleep,
The ice-king spoke with curses deep,
And bade the bitter north wind blow
Down from the realm of eternal snow.
Down from the home of the ice and frost,
Where silence reigns and life is lost,
The north wind came at the king's command,
With speed, and hate and a cruel hand.
He furrowed the seas with frozen foam,
And mocked the mariner's dream of home.
"Gwendolen, my dear," she exclaims,
Turning suddenly toward her,
By scattering the pile of manuscript
In every direction. "I want your ear. She
has the most correct ear"—this to an
elderly lady who is sewing industriously
by a small work-table in the center of
the room. "Now my prose is excellent
and my poetry not bad—so I am told;
but sometimes my rhymes don't rhyme
exactly, but that sort of thing is only
allowed to the very greatest of poets.
I'm introducing a battle-song in the last
chapter of my novelette, and I'm in
doubt about 'hurrah' and 'war'—
'rah' and 'war.' Are they twins, or
are they not, Gwendolen?"
But before Gwendolen, who is on her
knees picking up the scattered papers,
can reply, somebody comes down the
stairs with a rush and bolts into the
sanctum.
"Mother, I kiss your little ink-stained
fingers," he says. "But all the same I
must have Browneyes; I want her arm."
My grape gatherer is waiting for the
wherewithal to gather the grapes.
"It is—I mean are they?" asks Mrs.
Glenmoreland, as Jessie puts the man-
uscript on the desk again, and places a
paperweight upon it. And then she
smiles at her son, who, after tenderly
ruffling the ruffled hair still more, kisses
the brow beneath it.
"I don't think they are," modestly
answers Jessie.
"Thanks, dear!" And the pen is
dipped into the ink again.
"And now, Browneyes, your arm—
your arm!" cries Denys, striking a
melodramatic attitude.
"I'm afraid you can't have it just yet—
Mr. Denys. I have promised your father
my nose for an hour or so," says
Browneyes, dropping a cunning little
courtesy.
"By Jove! is the governor at work
again? Ten to one he never finishes it.
I'll look in on him for a moment or two;
he'll turn me out at the end of that
time. By-by mamma."
"I really don't know what we would
do without her," says Mrs. Glenmoreland,
musingly, letting her pen fall and
blotting the sheet before her as the
young people vanish.
"Meaning Gwendolen, Browneyes,
Jessie, or whatever her name is?" in-
quires the elderly lady (who by-the-bye,
is an aunt of the author's, on a visit to
her niece for the first time in fifteen
years).
"Known as Jessie to her sponsors in
baptism," explains Mrs. Glenmoreland,
"but Denys has always called her
Browneyes, and I have a habit of giving
her the name of my heroine for the time
being; it helps to keep my story in my
thoughts. Dear, dear, how many names
the little girl has answered to since she
came here four years ago! And she never
objected but to two—'Phantom of
Yellow Hill,' and 'Hag of Murder
Creek.' And I don't much wonder at
her not liking them."
"Neither do I," says the aunt, with a
grim smile. "But you have never told
me anything about her. Who is she?"
"Have I? Well, as I can't take
up the thread of my poem—that horrid
Denys!—I'll take up the cat"—lifting a
pretty white and black kitten from the
floor—"and narrate for your especial
benefit. You know when Gerald and I
were first married we were very unprac-
tical—"
"I should think so," interrupts the
elderly lady, with a decisive nod.
"One a scribbler of sixteen, the other a
sculptor of nineteen."
"But dear mamma, with whom we
lived," her niece goes on, "made life
easy for us until nine years ago, when
she died. For five years all was
experiment and confusion. At first we
tried boarding; but the people with
whom we boarded objected to our break-
fasting at odd moments between eight
and twelve, and thought it unreasonable
that we should expect little suppers at
midnight. And, besides, they also
complained that Denys—then only
twelve, but already developing the arti-
stic—used their best caners, plates,
and other things to mix paints on; and
when the dear boy borrowed the marble
slab of the parlor table for the same
meritorious purpose, they became so
very violent we were obliged to leave.
Then we tried furnished rooms; made
coffee over the gas in the morning, and
dined at the restaurant in the evening.
But we were soon obliged to give up
this mode of life; the principal reason
being that the bill of fare proved such a
temptation; and to our shame be it said
—having the most uncertain of incomes
—that when our ventures were success-
ful we weakly succumbed to the tempter,
and ate birds on toast, and broiled
chicken, and omelette-souffle, and terrin,
and all sorts of expensive good
things, as long as our money lasted, and
in consequence were restricted to bread
and cheese and dried beef in the privi-
lege of our apartments for a week or more
after. At last, after having dined sumptu-
ously one day, with a few invited
guests, off a medallion and a three-colum-
ned story, and then being obliged to
live for two weeks on one short column,
we concluded to try boarding once more,
renting a room at the same time in the
Raphael building, where Gerald could
fling his clay and plaster about to his
heart's content, and Denys, who would
not go to school, and would paint, might
be out of the way of the landlady's china.
But, my dear aunt, the other fellows
were in that studio from morn till night;
indeed, several of the most impetuous
spent their nights there, and very little
work was done."
"Then fortunately—that is, not fortu-
nately, but providentially—no, I don't
mean that either, but I won't waste time
seeking for the proper expression—Ger-
ald's old uncle died, and left him this
house. 'Let's go to housekeeping,'
said I, and we went. Heaven save the
mark! I never could make change;
neither could Gerald; and as for Denys,
he and the arithmetic are and always
have been perfect strangers. The result
of this ignorance could not fail to
be an expensive one. Everybody cheat-
ed us. The servant girls wore my best
dresses to wakes and parties, and one of

them had two of her friends concealed in
the house for three months, waxing
strong and stout on my provisions, and
when at last they were discovered, de-
clared that she never knew they were
there at all at all.
"And we were forever in debt, and
fast losing our senses, when my dress-
maker, a dear, good-hearted English-
woman, who used to give me advice,
housekeeping advice, in a motherly sort
of way, which I would have taken if I
could have remembered it, died, after a
long illness, leaving a fifteen-year-old
daughter. The child looked up at me
with those wonderful brown eyes when I
asked her, after her mother's funeral,
"And what will you do, my dear?" and
said, "I don't know ma'am; I have no
relation but a grandfather out West,
and he has just married again, and I
don't think he wants me. I gave her
a kiss, and told her to come home with
me. And she came, and since then life
has been more than endurable. She
proved to be the cleverest little thing
that ever lived, intimately acquainted
with the arithmetic and heaven's first
thing, and has learned to manage every-
thing and everybody in the house with
marvelous tact and skill. And the man-
ner in which she understands my absent-
minded ways and contrary orders is ab-
solutely wonderful. Who else, for in-
stance, would know that often when I
say 'shoes' I mean 'hat,' and 'vice
versa' and who else could translate
"both dark and white meat" into
Chinese, you know, my dear," into
"chicken salad and rice pudding?" She's
a treasure—rhymes like a bird, poses
like an angel, and—"
"Has she no lovers?" asks the elderly
lady, looking solemnly over her
spectacles.
"Lovers! Bless you, no. Never
the slightest sign of one. Her mother
was an old maid; that is, she wasn't
when—I mean she was before she was
married. Lovers! Good gracious! I
don't speak of such a thing. I should
murder them. And I'm quite sure
Alicia—the name of my next heroine,"
she explains, in answer to a questioning
look from her aunt—"has never
dreamed— Was that a knock at the
door? If it be Alicia, enter; anybody
else, depart immediately."
The door opens in obedience to this
command, delivered in a loud voice with
much emphasis, and "Alicia" enters
with downcast eyes and a black-edged
letter in her hand.
"I don't want it! I won't have it!"
almost screams her mistress. "I hate
black letters. Take it away."
"It is not for you, ma'am. It is
mine; and—" (with faltering voice)
"I fear I must leave you."
"Leave me!" shouted Mrs. Glenmoreland,
starting to her feet and
dropping the cat, and in her excitement
she seizes the worn garment the elderly
lady has been carefully patching and
darning for the last hour from that
worthy person's hands and sends it from
top to bottom. "Leave us! What can
you—what do you mean?"
"My grandfather has sent for me,
ma'am. His wife is dead, and he says
it is my duty to come and live with
him, as I have no other relative in the
world."
"And you are going?" demands Mrs.
Glenmoreland, in tragic tones.
"I do not know how to refuse."
"Gerald! Denys!" calls Mrs. Glenmoreland,
loudly, running across her
room and flinging the door wide open.
"Come here instantly."
In flies her husband, a lump of clay
in his hand, and down rushes Denys,
palette on thumb.
"My darling, what's up?" asks Ger-
ald.
"By Jove! mother, how you fright-
ened me! Thought the house was on
fire," says her son.
"Gwendolen—Jessie—Browneyes—
Alicia—sir," pointing at the weeping
girl, "is going away, never to return."
"Going away!" repeats her husband,
striking his head with his right hand,
and then stalking wildly about the room,
totally unconscious that he has left the
lump of clay among his raven curls.
"Browneyes leaving us forever," re-
proachfully cries Denys.
"After I've loved her all these years,"
sobs Mrs. Glenmoreland.
"And I've"—begins Denys, and then
stops with a bluish that is reflected in
the girl's sweet face.
"Going to her grandfather—horrid
old hunk!—who never thought of her
before he killed her step-grandmother,
and who only wants her now to save
the expense of hiring a housekeeper and
nurse, which he is well able to do, the
venerable wretch! And she thinks it
her duty to go, because he's her 'only
relative.' And I've always felt as though
I were her mother; and overcome with
emotion, Mrs. Glenmoreland drops into
her chair again.
"And I as though I were her father,"
asserts the sculptor.
"And I as though I were her broth-
er," says the painter, and stops in confusion
as before.
Jessie turns from one to the other
with clasped hands and streaming eyes.
"I shall never, never be as happy any-
where as I have been here. I would
have been content to have served you all
my life. But how could I reconcile it
to my conscience if, without sufficient
reason, I disregarded the appeal of my
only relative, and that relative my
mother's father?"
"But he needs to be your 'only rela-
tive,'" says Denys, earnestly, flinging
his palette, paint side down, on his
mother's silken lap, and springing with
one bound to the young girl's side.
"There can be other and nearer rela-
tives than grandfathers, Browneyes. I
never knew how dearly I loved you till
this moment. I cannot bear the thought
of losing you. I want your hand and
heart. Take me for your husband,
dearest, and then your duty will be to
share my fortunes for evermore."
Jessie, the innocent child, holds up
her pretty mouth for his kiss before he
them all—the cat is playing with her
grandfather's letter—and a wonderful
smile turns to diamonds her tears.
"The very thing!" proclaims Mr.
Glenmoreland.
"Of course," says his wife. "Why
didn't you think of it before, you tres-
soner boy, and save all this bother?
And now go away, all of you. I have an
idea for a story."
The convict's serenade to the warden:
"How can I leave thee?"

The Widower and the Widow.
When Mr. Thomas Thompson was
courting the widow who became his
sixth wife, said he, taking a pinch of
snuff and looking wise, "I will tell you
what I expect of you, my dear. You are
aware that I have had a good deal of
matrimonial experience. Ho-hum! It
makes me sad to think of it, and I may
truly say that my cup of misery would
be running over at this moment if it
were not for you. But to business. I
was about to remark that Jane, my first,
could make better coffee than any other
woman in the world. I trust you will
adopt her recipe for the preparation of
that beverage."
"My first husband frequently re-
marked"—began the widow.
"And there was Susan," interrupted
Mr. Thompson, "she was the best
mender that probably ever lived. It
was her delight to find a button off; and
as for rents in coats and things, I have
seen her shed tears of joy when she saw
them, she was so desirous of using her
needle for their repair. Oh, what a
woman Susan was!"
"Many is the time," began the wid-
ow, "that my first husband"—
"With regard to Anna, who was my
third," said Mr. Thompson, "I think
her forte, above all others, was in the
accomplishment of the cake known as
slapjack. I have very pleasant visions
at this moment of my angelic Anna as
she appeared in the kitchen of a frosty
morning, enveloped in smoke and the
morning sunshine that stole through
the window, or bearing to my plate a
particularly nice article of slapjack with
the remark, 'That's the nicest one yet,
Thomas; eat it while it's hot.' Some-
times, I assure you, my dear, these re-
collections are quite overpowering."
He applied his handkerchief to his
eyes, and the widow said, "Oh, yes; I
know how it is myself, sir. Many is
the time that I see in my lonely hours
my dear first hus—"
"The pride and joy of Julia, my
fourth, and I may say, too, of Clara, my
fifth," interrupted Mr. Thompson, with
some apparent accidental violence of
tone, "lay in the art of making over
their spring bonnets. If you will be-
lieve it, my dear, one bonnet lasted
those two blessed women through all the
happy years they lived with me—they
would turn them and make them over so
many times! Dear, dear, what a change-
ful world—what an unhappy, changeful
world!"
"I say to myself a hundred times a
day, sir," said the widow, with a sigh;
"I frequently remarked to my first
hus—"
"Madam," said Mr. Thompson, sud-
denly, and with great earnestness,
"oblige me by never mentioning that
chap again. Are you not aware that he
must be out of the question forever
more? Can you not see that your con-
tinual references to him sicken my soul?
Let us have peace, madam—let me have
peace!"
"Very well, sir," said the widow,
meekly. "I beg your pardon, and
promise not to do it again."
And they were married, and their
lives were as bright and peaceful as they
could wish.

That Sea Serpent!
This Time it is Seen by the Veracious Cap-
tain of the Ship "Jane Eliza," to Long
Island Sound.
A guileless New York reporter was
told the following sea serpent yarn by
Captain Daniel Dalton, of the good ship
Jane Eliza:
"Now, put it down just as I tell you,"
the captain said. "The Jane Eliza
started from the foot of Harrison street,
Brooklyn, on Jan. 2, 1879, loaded with
1,200 bushels of salt, consigned by J. P.
& G. C. Robinson to S. E. Merwin &
Son, New Haven. You will remember
it was the time when the big New Year
storm was blowing along the coast.
When we got along as far in the sound
as Greenwich point, near where Tweed's
club house used to be, sailing under
close reefs (I was on deck, my son Frank
was at the helm, and my son William
was walking along the side, which left
Joe down below doing the cooking),
William sung out to me and says:
"'Pop, anything sunk here?'"
"'No,' says I; 'but you're in deep
water here, and you won't touch it if
there is.'"
"'By George!' says he, 'there's the
sea serpent.'"
"That's just as it was said. We were
heading east-southeast at the time, and
the (serpent) was heading west-
southwest, toward Captain's island. We
had approached each other at an angle,
and our bow must have passed over his
tail."
"Did you feel any shock?"
"No, I don't think there was any
shock. The first I noticed was when I
heard William sing out, 'By George!'"
Then I saw ten feet of a big snake out
of water. He must have been not less
than fifty feet away at the time. It was
about a minute, I judge, that Frank
and William and I had to take observa-
tions of him. We called Joe, but he
couldn't leave his cooking in time to
get a sight. Now, if you'll take down
the description. His head was just like
that of a snake. It was flat on top, and
a foot and a half long. In color it
was black, with green spots. The left
eye, which was the only one we could
see, stuck out of its head like a frog's
eye."
"How large was it?"
"About as big as a decent-sized sauc-
er. As he went along, he kind of
turned his head and kept his eye on us.
This was in broad day-light, at two
o'clock in the afternoon. The eye
showed angry, but he never turned on
us or showed fight. I could have put
a bullet through the eye as well as not,
or I could have thrown a harpoon into
his body, but I never carry fire-arms,
and I'm not a whaler, as I used to be.
The head was about three feet long.
At least it began to taper down about
that distance from the tip of the nose.
This smaller part continued for about
ten feet, and was held up entirely out
of water. After that it began to swell
all at once until it was as large as a
barrel. We could see that about two-
thirds of this part was under water as
he kind of rolled in the waves, and one-
third was out of water. We couldn't see
any of the rest of him."
"How long to you think the serpent
was?"
"Well, now, you guess, and I'll
guess, and I'll guess that he couldn't
have been less than thirty feet."
The reporter guessed twenty feet
more, judging from the size of the head
and body, and Capt. Dalton thought
that the serpent might well be fifty feet
long. He had put the length at the
smallest figure he could conscientiously
give.
"In what way did he disappear?"
was next asked.
"Well, after he had kept his eye on
us for about a quarter of a minute, he
dipped his head into the water and went
down (Capt. Dalton wriggled his hand
slowly toward the floor) with a kind of
easy, waving motion."
"And didn't his tail rise out of water
when his head went down?"
"No, because he was a snake."
"Why not, because he was a snake?"
"Snakes, you must understand, have
no fins. They have to move themselves
with their tails, so that if their tails get
out of water they are lost. He had to
keep his tail under. If it had been a
shark or a porpoise, it would have
showed its tail for certain. This is a
demonstration. I've seen lots of sharks
and porpoises and all kinds of sea crea-
tures in my travels all over the globe,
and I know that this was a snake. And
then there's another thing. I've read
in the Sun that on Friday, August 24,
1877, a serpent rose up out of the Sound
about twenty feet, and was bigger round
than a barrel, at this very spot that is
near Captain's island lighthouse. It
bissed and roared. A few days afterward
Capt. Wick, the two men at the wheel,
and others on the steamer Bridgeport
felt her hit something on her starboard
quarter. It shook the whole boat.
William Gamble, the deck watchman,
heard something like a hiss and a bark,
and then something black rose up as
high as the flagpole and went down
again. That was just off of Captain's
island, too; and last summer, just about
the same place, it was seen again by
somebody else."
Capt. Dalton drew a picture of the
animal he had seen with the reporter's
pencil. In constructing the eye he first
drew a large round cipher and scooped
it all black with the point of the pencil.
His two stalwart sons, who constitute
his two mates and the crew, corroborate
every word of their father's story.

Chinese Canals.
The Egyptians cut many canals; and
this simple method of promoting in-
ternal communication is of unknown an-
tiquity. In China canals appears to
have been one of the earliest evidences
of civilization. The "Great Canal" in
that country is a memorable example of
this class of engineering exploits. It is
said to have occupied a hundred and
twenty years in its construction, and to
have given employment to thirty thou-
sand men, occupying the entire four-
teenth century. It is about one thou-
sand miles in length; and is supplied
by a great number of streams from the
flat country through which it flows.
Strong dykes, formed of alternate layers
of earth and straw, and sometimes cased
with stone, prevent the water from over-
flowing the flat country. In some parts
the canal is carried on an embankment
twenty feet high, while on others it
traverses a cutting a hundred feet deep.

Keeping a Diary.
If by a diary is intended a collection
of vivid or flat verbiage, supposed to
be reflections or "sentiments," or the
record of fancied feelings, or morbid
imaginings, or vain attempts to imitate
the reputed journals of young women in
novels, it were, indeed, better left alone.
But if as a guide to memory a person
makes a habit of preserving dates, even
of occurrences apparently of little conse-
quence, the record at the end of the
year may be discovered to be quite a
useful guide to memory, and the source
of a good fund of interesting conversa-
tion. Association will connect with the
entries so made many occurrences not
among those written at the time, but
which afterward grew into more conse-
quence; and also with many thoughts
and impressions of real service which,
when recalled by association, may as-
sume a new and prominent interest.
Doubts and inquiries about dates and
facts can be settled by some such pro-
cess as this: "I know that it was be-
fore such or such a thing that I wrote or
did." The simplest notes and bare
dates in the diary may thus become
series of landmarks—stakes planted in
the survey of the past. The receipt of
letters and the dates on which letters
are written; calls, conferences, engage-
ments, visits, journeys and a thousand
other things, such as books read, books
bound, books borrowed or bought,
stories begun or ended, pleasant even-
ings at home or abroad, parties attend-
ed, amusements, sermons heard, all
make material for entries, which, if
nothing better presents, will constitute
a capital aid to "mnemonics," as the
science of memory used to be called.
That science, as taught in formal
text-books, included a paraphernalia of
words and things which are harder to
recollect than the matters which they
are supposed to preserve. In the diary
this machinery of memory, being writ-
ten out in order, does its work without
the formidable labor imposed by "arti-
ficial memory," as it was called. It
works by mental photographs upon the
memory of "what is writ."
In business matters the necessary
purely mercantile records greatly aid in
the recollections of other things quite
apart from them. Among the best and
clearest witnesses in court are men of
business. Their heads are kept clear
by the records of the dates of their
transactions. The private diary extends
this convenience, and creates a sort of
social bookkeeping. Under the date
ruled and printed something for every
day may be put down, no matter how
briefly. It may be a mere record of the
state of the weather. It is not neces-
sary, or even desirable, that each day
should record a wonder; for this, be-
coming common, wonders would cease;
yet any day's entry may furnish a useful
hint when least expected; and all of
them together will certainly constitute
an interesting fund of topics for home
conversation and review, no matter how
plain the recorded events may be.—
Philadelphia Ledger.

OF COURSE!

"Gwendolen" from Mrs. Olivia
Glenmoreland's sanctum.
"Jessie!" from Mr. Gerald Glen-
moreland's studio.
"Yes, ma'am—yes, sir," from the
pretty little maid coming up the stairs.
She stops a moment when she reaches
the landing, as though considering which
summons to answer first, and as she
pauses, a handsome young man leans
over the baluster and looks down upon
her, and as he looks he thinks he never
gazed upon a prettier picture.
A slight, graceful young girl, with
serious, dark eyes, delicately-cut features,
clear pale face, and light wavy brown
hair, showing little specks of gold as the
sunlight falls through the hall window
upon it, parted simply on the low, broad
brow and rippling away behind the
lovely ears until lost in the heavy Grecian
coil at the back of the small round
head; in a closely-clinging dress of
some soft, dark material, with a knot of
garnet ribbon at the throat, and a sister
knot on each lace-trimmed pocket of the
jaunty white apron.
"Oh! I say, Browneyes," he calls
out, cheerily, as the girl, becoming con-
scious of his presence, looks up with a
smile, "will you pose for me!"
"As soon as I can, Mr. Denys," she
replies, in a voice softer and sweeter,
but as frank and cheery as his own.
"Your father and mother have both
called me. I must attend to them first."
And as the handsome head is withdrawn,
she enters the room on the right, which
one can see at a glance is the den of a
sculptor; and a sculptor who, if it be
true that "good order is the foundation
of all good things," can never hope to
attend any wondrous height in his pro-
fession. Half-finished statuettes and
busts, dilapidated arms, legs, and torsos
in clay, plaster and marble, are standing
and lying about in the greatest confu-
sion. Over Shakespeare's dome-like fore-
head droops a broad-brimmed hat; from
the throat of a dancing faun stream the
long ends of a silken neck-tie; and a
flower girl offers with her flowers a pair
of crumpled kid gloves and a soiled col-
lar. The sculptor himself—an odd-look-
ing man with wildish black eyes, and a
massive head covered with a tangled
mass of the darkest curls, a gray thread
gleaming here and there—attired in a
blouse, the back of which alone gives a
hint of its original color, is regarding
with critical gaze a half-modeled bust
on the table before him, which in turn
regards him with the blank stare pecu-
liar to its kind.
"Ah! there you are," he says, ap-
provingly, as Jessie comes quietly in.
"It is well. I want your nose, my
child. 'Tis just the nose for Elaine.
Couldn't find a better if I searched the
wide world o'er. Stand over there by
Hercules—that's a dear—and look at
Mephistopheles." And he commences
to sing in a strong if not altogether mu-
sical voice the "Gold Song" from
"Faust," as the voice from the oppo-
site room calls again, "Gwendolen."
"Can you spare my nose a little
while, sir?" asks the model, still look-
ing steadily at the grinning tempter in
the corner, but with a gleam of mischief
in her bonnie brown eyes. "Mrs.
Glenmoreland is calling."
"Oh! ah, yes, Gwendolen"—work-
ing away. "How long have you been
Gwendolen?"
"For two weeks past, sir. Ever since
my mistress began 'The Princess and
the Dairy Maid.' May I go, sir?" still,
best of models, with her eyes fixed on
the feld.
"You may; but come back soon; for
kings may die and emperors lose their
crowns, but art is deathless and forever
reigns."

OF COURSE!

Modern breeders of dogs are not the
only people who put a high price on
them. In Guiana, the Tumura Indians
take great care with their dogs, and they
are extensively bought and sold. A
price of a good one is equal to that of a
wife. In South Africa, the Damaras
will give two oxen for a good dog. The
Fuegiens will, when famished, kill their
old women for food rather than their
dogs—"old women no use; dogs catch
otter." So that dogs may be said to
bring according to what they can fetch.
Climate modifies the character of dogs
as well as of men. The English bulldog
on its arrival in India can pin down
an elephant by its trunk, but in two or
three generations will fall off, lose his
pluck and ferocity, the form of his lower
jaws will change, and he will have a
finer muzzle and lighter body.
Dogs have been taught to speak. A
French dog could call in intelligible
words for tea, coffee, chocolate, etc.; and
the dog of a young peasant boy in Sax-
ony was taught to repeat thirty words.
Two famous Italian dogs, Fidelio and
Blanche, were taught to spell 300 words
by means of a printed alphabet on cards,
to do sums in arithmetic, and to play a
game of cards together. Monsignore
Capel, of England, it is said, has a dog
which will salute the portrait of the
pope and turn his back on Bismarck;
while a dog in New England was taught
during the war to howl and gnash his
teeth at the word rebellion, and jump
and wag his tail when the Union was
mentioned.
Dogs have given so many proofs of
their ability to reason and to show signs
of remorse, shame and sensitiveness to
ridicule, that no one longer disputes
their capacity. A dog in Paris, being
frequently sent with a note by his mas-
ter to get meat at the butcher's, one day
conceived the idea of obtaining some on
his own account. He therefore picked
up a piece of paper and carried it to the
butcher, and was apparently so ashamed
at the failure of his ruse that he would
never go near the shop again. Another
Paris dog, perceiving that the visitors
at a benevolent soup-house merely rang
a bell and had a dish of food set out for
them, without their being seen, sprang
up, rang the bell with his fore paws, re-
ceived his dish, and set down to devour
it at his leisure. This was such a suc-
cess that he repeated it several times
before he was discovered, as he always
took care to go when no one was there;
after which they gave him a ticket, and
he went regularly for his dinner with
the other beggars.

Chinese Canals.

Coinage of the United States Mint.
The first silver coined in the United
States was in 1793.
Up to 1877 there had been coined, in
different denominations, as follows:
Dollars \$ 8,045,838 00
Half-dollars 118,869,540 50
Quarter-dollars 24,774,121 50
Dimes 16,141,798 50
Half-dimes 4,506,246 50
Three-cent pieces 1,281,520 50
\$208,872,291 50
During 1878, coined:
Standard dollars \$ 5,575,500 00
Fractional coin 5,393,315 50
Total \$11,057,315 50

How to Lead a Gun.

The author of "Shooting on the
Wing" says of leading the gun: Under
this head we have to consider not
only the best quantities and proportions
of powder and shot, but the proper
mode of inserting the charge in the
gun. If the weapon be a breech-loader,
full directions in regard to the point
will be given by the manufacturer; but
where a muzzle-loader is used, there is
a certain routine to be observed, both
for the sake of securing rapidity and
certainty, and of avoiding danger.
Both barrels of the gun being un-
loaded, the following is the system that
we always follow: Grasping the bar-
rel with the left hand a few inches be-
hind the muzzle, the hammers being at
half-cock and the gun in such a position
directly in front that the trigger-guard
is toward the person, we measure out
the proper quantity of powder for a
load, and pour it into each barrel in
succession; and, after returning the
flask to the pocket, insert a cut wad in
each barrel, draw the ramrod, and press
it gently to the bottom. For doing
this, Frank Forester gives some very
excellent advice as follows: "Remem-
ber not to grasp the rod, much less
cover the tip of it with the palm of your
hand in ramming down, but to hold it
only between the tips of your fingers
and thumb. In case of an explosion,
this difference in the mode of holding it
will just make the difference of lacerat-
ed finger-tips, or a hand blown to
shreds."
The rod may now be held in the same
hand that supports the barrels, while
the shot is carefully measured and pour-
ed into them; wads are again inserted
and pressed home, and the ramrod re-
turned to its proper place. All that
now remains is to cap the piece, and
see that the hammers are at half-cock.

The First Coaches.

Coaches were introduced into Eng-
land by Fitz Allen, Earl of Arundel, A.
D. 1580; before which time Queen
Elizabeth, on public occasions, rode
behind her chamberlain; and she, in her
old age, according to Wilson, used re-
luctantly such an effeminate conveyance.
They were at first drawn by two horses;
"but," says the same author, "the rest
crept in by degrees, as men at first ven-
tured to sea. It was Buckingham, the
favorite, who, about 1619, began to have
a "team" of six horses; which, as an-
other historian says, "was wondered at
as a novelty, and imputed to him as a
master pride." Before that time ladies
chiefly rode on horseback, either single,
on their palfreys, or double, behind
some person on a pillion. In the year
1672, at which period throughout the
kingdom there were only six stage-
coaches constantly running, a pamphlet
was written and published by Mr. John
Cresset, of the Charterhouse, urging
their suppression; and, among the grave
reasons given against their continuance,
the author says: "These stage-coaches
make gentlemen come to London on
very small occasions, which otherwise
they would not do but upon urgent ne-
cessity; the convenience of this passage
makes their wives often come up, who,
rather than come such a long journey
on horseback, would stay at home.
Then, when they come to town, they
must presently be in the mode, get fine
clothes, go to plays and treats, and, by
these, get such a habit of idleness and
love of pleasure as makes them uneasy
ever after."