Farmer Gray.

envy the joys o' the farmer And talk o' his free, easy life-You may sit at his bountiful table An' praise his industrious wife ; Ef you worked in the woods in the winter. Or follered the furrow all day, With a team o' unruly young oxen. An' feet heavy-loaded with clay Ef you held the old plow, I'm a-thinkin

You'd sing in a different way.

You may dream o' the white-crested daisie An' lilies that wear sech a charm : But it gives me a heap o' hard labor To keep 'em from spoilin' my farm. You may picter the skies in their splende The landscapes so full o' repose ; But I never git time to look at 'em Except when it rains or it snows

You may sing o' the song-birds o' summ I'll tend to the hawks and the crows. You may write o' the beauties o' Natur'. An' dwell on the pleasures o' teil ; But the good things we hav on our table An' cur beautiful, bright-golden butter Perhaps you may never hev learned, Makes a pile o' hard work for the wimmir It has to be cheerfully churned.

All hey to be lifted and turned When home from the hay-field, in summ With stars gleaming over my head-When I milk by the light o' my lantern, An' wearily crawl into bed— When I think o' the work o' the morrow

An the cheeses, so plump in the pantry

An' worry for fear it might rain, While I list to the roll o' the thunder An' hear my companion complain-Then it seems as if life was a burden With leetle to hope fur or gain. But the corn must be planted in spring-time

An' the hay must be cut in the mead The wheat must be cradled an' bound-Fur we never are out of employs Except when we lie in the bed. All the wood must be chopped, in the winter An' patiently piled in the shed : An' the grain must be snaked to the market The stock must be watered and fed.

The weeds must be kept from the ground

But the farmer depends upon only The generous bounty o' God ; An' he always is sure o' a livin By turnin' an' tillin' the sod. When his wearisome work is all over, With conscience all spotless and clear, He may leave the old farm-house foreve To dwell in a holier sphere : An' the crown that he wears may be brighte Because o' his simple life here. -Eugene J. Hall.

Brevoort's Reparation.

"So, Birdie, it seems that young Brevoort is back from Europe," remarked Captain Howard, looking up from his newspaper and addressing a pretty girl of nineteen, his only child and the comfort of his old age.
"So, it seems pana" responded Ber-

"So it seems, paps," responded Ber-tha's sweet voice, while the coarse sew-ing which she held trembled in her

"He's to give us our fourth of July oration at the town hall. I'll be bound he speaks well. A promising young fellow, eh, Birdie?"

"Yes, papa, I dare say."

"His family are proud as Lucifer—ridiculously proud, seeing this world is not their abiding place. But the youngster is well enough, as modest, well-meaning, pleasant-spoken a young felmeaning, pleasant-spoken a young fel-low as you'll often meet. He was sweet on you, Birdie, a year ago. Don't whistle him back, for I don't want him whiste him back, for I don't want him to rob my nest, even if he can put my bird in a gold cage."

"No danger, papa, dear," replied Bertha, with a painful blush.

"At all events, Birdie, we'll go and

listen to the precious oration with the

best of them

best of them."

The captain resumed his pipe and paper, and soon Bertha stole softly out to the cool veranda with her sewing.

Her home was a small house in the old part of the town. It stood back from the road, and was almost hidden from view by trees of magnificent growth; otherwise the location would have been unpleasant, for trade had grown up all around it, and there was no pleasant residence near. Wealth and fashion had long since taken their flight to other quarters. Opposite was and iashion had long since taken their flight to other quarters. Opposite was the old town hall, a really venerable building, rarely used now save on the occasion of some patriotic celebration. The house had been purchased years ago, when Bertha was a baby; the only of all her mother's babies who lived

and thrived.
Captain Howard had passed most of his time at sea, always looking forward to settling down at home as soon as he should have amassed enough wealth for comfort. But he was unfertunate. recks, disastrous speculations, ery from those in whom he had confided, followed each other like shadrs; and so he kept following on the the heels of prosperity, but never succeeded in laying the detaining grasp on her. So year after year rolled by, and he was still at sea, coming home

Bertha, under the care of her su-perior, well-educated mother, developed into a beautiful girl. Her school life threw her with the best young people of the place. Her intellectual superior-ity and culture commanded respect; her lovely character and extreme sweetness of disposition won love. She was a prime favorite both with her teachers and schoolmates. sionally.

August Brevoort had been her lover always. She had been his little favorite during schooldays, and when these ceased no one disputed with him his claim to escort her from church and evening meetings, or to parties and little entertainments. Many of their young companions regarded them "as good as engaged." But the Brevoort family companions regarded them "as good as engaged." But the Brevoort family were intensely proud; especially August's eldest sister. Her marriage to the scion of a distinguished English family had increased her hanteur, and made her more ambitious than ever for the advancement of her only brother. It was owing to her influence that August accompanied hor husband to Europe, Prior to the departure, Bertha had expected August to come and say goodbye and to exchange the promise of love that had been given a thousand sinces in all but words. She waited in

vain; he did not come, and she received no word of farewell. She was forced to the agonizing conclusion that he had yielded to the wishes of his ambitious friends and given her up. For a year she had struggled to hide her sorrow and to make home cheerful and happy for her aged father. It had been exceedingly heavy work.

As she sat on the veranda on the warm approper day on which our story opens, a

summer day on which our story opens, a great tear fell on her work, followed by another and another till her eyes were dimmed. Her needle went aslant and pricked her finger, and her work dropped from her hands. She gazed through the trees over at the old town hall wistfully.

"I shall see and hear him there," thought she, "and crowds of others will see and hear him also. He is rich, happy, courted and content. How could I have believed his youthful love for me would have endured? I wish I need not go after all; but every one would notice go, after all; but every one would notice and comment on my absence, and so I

must."
The "glorious Fourth" proved to be a very warm day. Listlessly Bertha stood by her little mirror to complete her toilet. Her dress was an organdie—a delicate lilac-hued spray on a white ground—with ruffles of lace at the wrists and throat. In place of a brooch she wore a cluster of fragrant violets. A straw hat with white ribbons and lilac straw hat with white ribbons and lilac wreath, a pair of straw-tinted gloves and a white shawl, completed her modest but

elegant costume.

She took up her handkerchief, fan and parasol, and ran down to her father, as usual on such occasions, was in great hurry lest they should be a

moment late.

"Eh! but you look cool and fresh as a flower, Birdie!" cried he, rubbing his rubicund visage with a gay silk bendana. "Brevoort will lose his

heart over again!"

Bertha laughed—poor girl—and together they crossed the street and entered the building which was rapidly fill ing. An usher, who knew Bertha, mo-tioned them to conspicuous seats. All about them were familiar faces. Bertha bowed to a host of acquaintances, while the jolly old captain eyed her with tri-

mphant pride.

Mr. and Mrs. Brevoort, with their son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Murray, sat in front of them. The audience was a large and fashionable one. The platform was occupied by gentlemen of some distinction. In their midst set the source section of the large and the midst sat the young orator of the day.
Bertha gazed on the noble and beloved features with joy and pain. She scarcely caught a word of several brief addresses, nor gave the attention she ought to the Rev. Dr. Clarke's prayer; nor followed General Tremaine's reading of the Declaration of Independence, so intent was she upon her own secret so intent was she upon her own secret thoughts.

When August Brevoort arose there was a murmur of flattering applause. Every tone of his exquisite voice fell on Bertha's ear like softest music; every sentence of his eloquent address rang its echo in her heart. His eyes singled her out from the crowd of beauties. She looked so modest, innocent and sweet, that a looker-on would not have wonder-ed at his preference. Their eyes met, and she fancied that she read in his a look of reproach that puzzled her and bewildered her. Flattering applause greeted the close of his address.

The day was very warm; and but a faint breeze stole in at the open windows. There was a cessation of fanning and a rustle of uneasiness as the Rev. and a rustle of unessiness as the Rev.
Mr. Smith began a long prayer. Then
all arose to sing, "The Star Spangled
Banner." Suddenly, ere the singing
had commenced, there was heard a low,
rumbling sound, growing every moment louder, that blanched every cheek and sent horror to every heart. Amidst shrieks of dismay and apprehension, the

end of the gallery nearest the platform fell with a terrific crash.

The heap of debris coming with such fearful momentum, tore through the frail flooring of the platform, and rush-ed thundering into the cellar below, where it fell with a siekening thud. Alas for those who stood on that fatal

spot!
Suddenly all was panic and dismay.
People rushed wildly for the door, and
were trampled and crushed in their
frantic efforts to escape from the build

"Mrs. Brevoort is trying to make her way to the platform!" cried Capt, How-ard. "What madness to press against the crowd! She'll be crushed to death! Now see that man! Heavens! brutes terror makes of humanity! still in your place, Bertha, until what turn for you."
Capt. Howard sprang out into the

struggling crowd to rescue Mrs. Bre-voort—and none too soon, for she was would have been beneath the feet of the crowd. It took all the herculean strength of the gallant old captain to lift her up, and she moaned painfully, and murmured with white lips:

"My shoulder was stepped on. I

Bertha stood gazing like one dazed at the awful scene on the platform. Back of the yawning chasm, from out the blinding, choking dust she could see those who had been spared alive. He was not one of them. Already men were at work clearing the ruins and digging out the wounded, but, alas! Bertha thought with a shudder—the dead also. She longed to rush forward, but her trembling knees gave way and she sank into a seat. So her father found her and led her home. He had left Mrs. Brevoort not seriously injured, but wild with anxiety as to the fate of her son.

The brave old captain returned to the scene where he could be of service, and Bertha flung herself on the lounge and prayed with passionate tears and pleadings. She heard the tramping of feet; and men entered carrying a stretcher.

ings. She heard the tramping of feet; and men entered carrying a stretcher.

"Your father sent us here, Miss Bortha," explained the surgeon, Dr. Ambroise. "It is General Tremaine, fatally injured, I greatly fear."

Bertha led the way to her father's room, and moved about to do what the surgeon required.

surgeon required. Again she was doomed to hear the ghastly tread of measured steps, and again men entered her presence carrying a shutter. As in a dream she heard:

dream she heard:
"Young Brevoort, Miss Bertha,"
"Oh, my God!" she moaned, with
livid lips.
"I am not dead, Bertha," came from
the shutter. "Do not be alarmed."

"He has fainted," said the doctor. must be no talking and no ex-

Bertha motioned them to her own snowy little room. In the course of the afternoon the little house became like a hospital. Bertha was kept busy, only or twice finding opportunity to into her own room, carefully ed, where lay her lover, his wounds dressed, a ghastly bandage across his brow, moaning in a sleep produced by opiates. Then poor Bertha sighed heavily and rushed out to where she eded.

Toward evening a carriage drove up, and Mrs. Brevoort was assisted to alight. She was still suffering from her injuries,

She was still suffering from her injuries, and moved like one in pain.

"I thank you for your good care of my son," said she to Bertha. "There is a bed prepared in the carriage, and the doctor thinks it safe to move him, so I will trouble you no longer; indeed, Miss Howard, your heart and your hands must be full." must be full.

In truth the little house, being so near the fatal building, was filled to its utmost capacity with the wounded and their friends.

To old Captain Howard Mrs. Brevoort

extended her hand, saying:

"I owe my life to you. I shall not forget the debt, nor prove ungrateful."

The following week was one of gloom in the village. Several of the wounded had died, and others were slowly recovering; funerals had been of almost daily ering; funerals had been of almost daily occurrence, and the bells had tolled mournfully. There had been investigat committees, indignation meetings

and the usual post-mortem proceedings.

Capt. Howard's little house had resumed its usual appearance of quiet restfulness. We find Bertha, as she was a week ago, on the veranda, sewing. The expression of sadness has deepened on her face, and her large, thoughtful eyes have a look of weariness, as if sleep had not woosed them kindly.

A carriage drove up and stopped at the gate, and, to Bertha's surprise, Mrs. Brevoort alighted. Our little heroine,

Brevoort alighted. Our little heroine, in her simple musiin dress, arose and greeted the great lady of the place with a modest dignity of her own. Mrs. Breevoort seemed much agitated, and grasped Bertha's hand almost painfully.

"I have come to confess a great wrong," she began to Bertha's area. wrong," she began, to Bertha's amazement, as she followed her into the shady, fragrant parlor. She lifted her hand as if to forbid interruption, and continued: "For a week I have watched by what I feared would prove my son's deathbed. In that week I have prayed much; I have registered many a vow as to my future conduct, should that dear son's life be spared.

in surprise-you cannot conceive in what I have injured you!

"A year ago I was aware that my son wished to marry you. I objected to the match; it was distasteful to me; but that does not justify my conduct. My son wrote to you before he sailed for Europe; I found the letter in his room, opened and read it. It was a proposal for marriage. He stated that he believed you loved him, and that he hoped to receive an answer to that effect; but that, if you sent no reply, he should I have injured you ! to receive an answer to that effect; but that, if you sent no reply, he should know that he had mistaken the nature of your regard. A proposal so put would have been singular from almost any one else, but from over-sensitive August it was but characteristic.

Those yows, Miss Howard, included reparation to yourself. You look at me

August it was but characteristic.
"Our coschman—whom I knew would
be selected by August 2s his messenger
—was an old family servant, and trusted
my judgment implicitly. To him I

""Bring the letter addressed to Miss "Bring the letter addressed to Miss Howard to me, and tell your master you delivered it to the lady, saw it read, and she told you there was no reply. I wish to save my son from the consequences of kindness to a designing girl.

"The man believed I could only act for my son's good, and obeyed me. Lady Murray requested August to go to New York in advance of the others to attend to important business, and so there was no risk of a chance meeting.

to important outsiness, and so there was no risk of a chance meeting.

"I tried to convince myself that you were not a proper person for August. I shut my ears and my heart to the reports I heard of your virtues, accomplishments and nobility of character. I convinced myself that August felt for you a youthful fancy, and I trusted to the year which had gone by to work miracles. I thought you would tire of waiting, and marry; or that Lady Mur-ray would dazzle August with a Euro-nean connection. This reat neck hor pean connection. This past week has taught me many things. I have listened to my son's unconscious ravings, and I have come, Bertha Howard, to beg you to return with me to August—to be his wife if he lives, and the dear daughter of my love whether he lives or not.

Mrs. Brevoort fell on her knees before Bertha, who sat with her head bowed in her hands.

in her hands.

"Oh, I beg of you, don't!" cried
Bertha, shocked and startled; for a noble mind is never gratified by the humiliation of another. "Pray arise—I
forgive you, I am sorry for your suffer
ing, and I am sure God has forgiven
to be the god with you now to see

you. Let me go with you now to see August. I long to see him!"
"Yes, my child; but you must not excite him. He knows all; he has forgiven me, and is anxiously looking for you."

In five minutes Bertha was bes Mrs. Brevoort in her carriage, and in half an hour the news was all over the

Mrs. Brevoort in her carriage, and in half an hour the news was all over the village.

As they entered the room, August looked up eagerly and exclaimed:

"Mother!—Bertha!—this is as it should be. I shall soon be well."

A smile of ineffable joy shone in his eye; but Bertha shuddered as she noticed his changed appearance, giving such a touching proof of his sufferings. There was a quiet bedside wedding, followed by three weeks of watching and care, shared by mother and wife. With what loving wiles Bertha beguiled the weary hours of convalescence! with what joy she watched August's restoration to health and spirits! No queen was ever more proud of her distinguished consort than was Bertha of the poor weak man with feeble step and bandaged brow, who lesned on her zerm as he walked for the first time in the garden.

den.

Mrs. Brevoort asked the old captain to make her house his home, but he refused, and stayed in his little house, with a servant to keep it tidy. The evening of his life was blessed with the

love and care of his children. day they passed at the little cottage, and sometimes the old man, leaning on his cane, came up to the Brevoort man-sion to romp with a rosy little grand-child.

Careful Mr. Striker.

In case you want to send a box or parcel to the house, the twenty-five-cent express wagons fre very handy things; but your directions may not always be understood. Mr. Striker had had his parcel carted all over town and then left at a police-station; and once when he sent a wagon after a stove needing repairs, the man brought back a two-inch augur and a set of harness. When he sent him back with them, the driver missed the house entirely and left the articles at a schoolhouse. Therefore, when Mr. Striker wanted to send up a parcel yesterday forenoon, he approached an expressman and began:
"Sir, my name is Striker."

"Yes, sir."
"I spell it S t-r-i-k-e r."
"Yes, so do I."
"I live at 496 Blank street."

"Yes, I know."
"My house is a brick, three trees in the front yard, iron fence, bay window, stone dog in the yard and name on the door plate."

es, sir; I can go right there, sir. "I want this bundle taken up," said

Mr. Striker.

"Yes, sir."

"Remember the place—496 Blank street," cautioned Mr. Striker.

"Ah! but couldn't I drive right to the house in the darkest night of the very?" was the indignant present the street. year?" was the indignant answer, as

year? was the indignant answer, as the man drove off.

After driving one block he turned around and put the whip to his horse until he overtook Mr. Striker, when he

"Was it 320 you told me? 'cause I was thinking of my sick wife, and the number flew out of my mind."

"496, you idiot!" yelled Striker, as he wheeled around. "Here it is on this card!"

this card! "Yes, sir; and I can find it like a book

In about an hour the man appeared at the store and inquired for Mr. Stoker, and Mr. Striker indignantly demanded if that parcel had been delivered. "Ah! you are the man I was looking for! I couldn't find your house, Mr. Stoker."

"Stoker! you human hyena-my

name's Striker!"
"Is it? Then I made a mistake.
Striker—Striker—I'll remember it if it kills me. Excuse me, sir, but I never got confused before, and I'm all right

The man rattled away at a furious The man rattled away at a lurious pace, and Mr. Striker saw no more of him until reaching home. The chap was waiting for him three doors below, and at once began:

"Mr. Stooks, they say you don't live

here, and they won't take the parcel."
"Stooks! Why, I'll kill you! My
name is Striker!"
"Is it? Well, that beats me."

"This isn't my house, of course. My ouse is 496. Didn't I give you the

number on a card?" "Why, yes, of course. Dear me, but how confused I am. No wonder I thought your name was Slocum instead of Sirus!"—Detroit Free Press.

Remarkable Vitality.

There are two cases under medical treatment in Newark, N. J., just now, treatment in Newark, N. J., just now, which puzzle the attending physicians and excite the wonderment of the whole community. One is that of Dr. Trevonian Haight, who, on Thursday, February 27, put a bullet in his head during a fit of melancholis, caused, it is said, by financial troubles. The ball took a transverse course through the substance of the anterior lobes of the brain. Its of the anterior loves of the brain. As effect has been merely to occasion partial derangement, showing itself chiefly in absence of mind. There has been no marked physical change, the doctor's pulse beating at its average rate and its temperature remaining as usual. Dur-ing the first few days there was some engorgement, but that has subsided and a healthy suppuration has set in. Total physical recovery is hoped, but full restoration to intelligence is despaired

Charles Hoeble, a robust German, twenty-three years old, attempted to commit suicide by shooting on Thurs-day evening, February 20. The bul-let entered the head a little let entered the head a little to the left of the center of the frontal bone, and lodged somewhere in the brain. On the following day the young man's respiration, temperature and pulse were normal; but not so his appatits. In violation of his physician's appetite. In violation of his physician's orders to keep perfectly quiet, he arose several times and went to the kitchen for something to eat. Finally, that he might be more carefully attended, he was removed to St. Michael's hospital, might be m ended, he where he now lies, - New York Herald

A Bird that Would not Sing.

There was in Berlin a prima donna who, whenever anything or anybody displeased her, invariably became too hoarse to sing. One day an opera in her repertory was to be performed. At the appointed hour the manager came forward, and announced that owing to a the appointed hour the manager came forward, and announced that owing to a sore throat she was unable to appear. The audience prepared to leave, but the king rose and commanded them to keep their places, which they wonderingly did. A few minutes afterward an officer and four dragoons entered the capricious lady's room. "Madewbiselle," quoth the officer, "the king inquires after your health." "The king is very good; I have a sore throat." "His majesty knows it, and has charged me to take you at once to the military hospital to be cured." Mademoiselle, turning very pale, suggested that they were jesting, but was told that Prussian officers never indulged in such a thing. Before long she found herself in a coach with the four men. "I am a little better now," she faltered out; "I will try to sing." "Back to the theater," said the officer to the coachman. Mademoiselle thought she had receded too easily. "I shall not be able to sing my best, "she said. "I think not." "And why?" "Because two dragoons in attendance behind the scenes have orders to carry you off to the military hospital at the least couac." Never did the lady sing better. —The Theater.

FOR THE PAIR SEX

A Slumber Song.

Thou little child, with tender, clinging arms, Brop thy sweet head, my darling, down and Upon my shoulder, rest with all thy charms

Be soothed and comforted, be loved and Against thy silken, honey-colored hai I lean a loving cheek, a mild caress

White eyelids, sleep so softly doth oppress. Dear little face, that lies in calm content Within the gracious hollow that God made in every human shoulder, where He meant Some tired head for comfort should be laid

lose, close I gather thee and kiss thy fair

Most like a heavy-folded rose thou art. In summer-air reposing, warm and still, Dream thy sweet dreams upon my quiet heart I watch thy slumber; naught shall do the - Celia Thazter.

Fushion Notes

Black satin dresses are fashionable. Embroideries of black tulle are fa-

Mother - of - pearl embroideries quite the rage for this season. Satin ribbon wrought with worked in gold thread is coming.

The princess costume with a long jacket, makes a pretty street dress Combs are narrow and small, and in

many cases daggers are substituted. Neckerchiefs are fastened on the left side by sprays of roses or carnations,

Spring suits open at the throat in shawl shape, and have lapels like a coat. Roses and loops of pearls decorate the crepe lisse plaitings worn at the throat.

Silk is to be used to trim woollen suits, and watered satin to trim silk suits, this summer.

Cuirasses with paniers formed of rich fabrics are favored by some New York society ladies. Satin vests are worn without trim

mings under the open waists; this style is very pretty. Colored tissue, arranged in the shape

of a butterfly, embroidered with gold, is a mode dress garniture.

Crepe cashmere is very handsome, giving the pretty, crimpled appearance which its name indicates. Peacock green and blue are the leading colors in spring silks. Wood colors are also produced in fine fabrics.

Momie cloth is quite a novelty; it comes in soft all-wool suitings. The tints are drabs with fleckers of dark

The style of trimming for street cos-tumes is exceedingly neat; bias bands of Pekin satin and faille, same shade as dress goods. Mixtures of silk and wool are very

fashionable; the colors are beautifully blended, and both checks and stripes are interwoven.

Velvet is much in vogue for walking skirts. Beiges are admired. The designs show stripes of satin, the same color as the ground. There are many suits for spring wear trimmed with Bretonne lace. Embroi-dered tulle and all sorts of white laces

are deemed fashionable. "Double" dresses come with closs fitting backs, with side forms. The fronts are of polonaise length. The simulated vest is still a great favorite.

Kilted skirts for little boys are sewn on sleeveless waists, with a vest of the same material as the skirt. A sacque straight cutaway front is worn

Perhaps the most startling surprise in the world of dress this season is the restoration of the panier of Camargo puff, as the Parisians term this bouffant ume expression.

There are several striking features observed in the fresh designs. Both old and young ladies wear their dresses quite short in front. Both square and round trains are in vogue. Skirts are rather profusely trimmed this spring.

The anticipated popularity of the panier model causes all dressmakers to construct costumes with roomy back breadths, and so arranged in loopings that the longest steel wire panier may be worn with becoming effect. Hair cloth paniers will no doubt be preferred to the steel paniers covered with muslin.

The handfant loopings are formed at the The bouffant loopings are formed at the center of the back.

There are many clever ideas in the basque designs. Dressy basques for house wear are often cut pointed at the front and square at the back; revers are used, and the trimming is very showy. Some of the models present vest patterns, richly embroidered; the collarette and cuffs match the vest. In thin materials a shirring takes the place of the terials a shirring takes the place of the vest. The fabric is generally lace, grenadine, tulle, or Swiss muslin.

A Sensible Young Lady.

A young lady was addressed by a man, who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father, who would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes she was in his arms. They mounted a double in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon some distance from the house. After some time the lady broke the silence by saying: "Well, you see what proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband." He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered: "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She made no reply, but after a silence of some minutes, she suddenly exclaimed: in his arms. They mounted a double She made no reply, but after a silence of some minutes, she suddenly exclaimed; "Oh! what shall I do? I have left my money behind me in my room!" "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover remained below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called: "Are you coming?" When she looked out of the window and said: "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;" and then shut down the window and left him to return on the double horse alone.

He was justly accounted a skillful poisoner who destroy at his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flow-ers. The art has not been lost—nay, is practiced every day—by theworld.

Punishing an Elephant.

Emperor is the most vicious, as he is the finest elephant in this country. During the winter months he and his six companions are chained by their hind legs in an outbuilding in the Central park, New York. Boatswain, until the arrival of Emperor, was the pride of all the female elephants, and Gypsy especially loved to caress him with her gentle trunk. But Boatswain once cried out under punishment, and from that hour he lost his place in the respect of his associates, and Gypsy transferred her blandishments to the last comer. The device of circus men for punishing an elephaht is cruel. To the legs of an animal are fastened strong pulleys, Emperor is the most vicious, as he is

an animal are fastened strong pulleys, which are attached to levers. At a sig-nal the legs are drawn as under, and the animal sinks down, a mass of helpless, tortured fiesh. Then the keepers, armtortured nesh. Then the keepers, armed with long clubs, approach and beat him on the legs and bottoms of the feet. The elephant during punishment curls his trunk beneath him and closes his eyes. Hour after hour goes by someeyes. Hour after hour goes by some-times, but the keepers only relax when the elephant either becomes insensible or cries out, which latter is a token of submission and a conquered spirit. Boatswain cried out, and was never again guilty of offense. Emperor, how-ever, has stood this terrible punishment several times, and with such extraordi nary nerve that the keepers are afraid of him. He is vicious, and whenever a missile comes within his reach he dis charges it at the nearest keeper straight-

on a recent Monday night Emperor watched one of the attendants whom he particularly dislikes. It was bedtime, and the man was making everything snug when Emperor suddenly turned on him and knocked him down. The bearner acreamed as Emperor with a keeper screamed as Emperor with a shrill cry of rage was on the point of dragging him beneath his feet and stamping him to death. Help came and the keeper was saved, and then it was determined that Emperor should suffer for what he had done.

for what he had done.

The attendants took the long iron poker with which the fires are stirred, and this they heated red hot. Emperor was then bound in the fashion that has was then bound in the fashion that has been described, and while one of the keepers held his trunk, the other ran acepers held his trunk, the other ran-the red hot poker up into it. The sav-age punishment nearly blinded Em-peror, but he did not squeal. He looked sullenly all the time at his keepers. Since then the elephant has been unable to eat, and stands alone and sullen, slapping his horribly mutilated trunk wherever there is a cool spot in the wherever there is a cool spot in the shed. The men call this the extreme punishment, and say that it has never been applied before in this country. It was not strong enough to subdue Emperor.

The Custom of "Treating."

"Treating" constitutes one of the chief perils attaching to the custom of imbibing spirituous liquors, and there are now few persons who could not, if free from its shackles, restrict the indulgence of their thirst to a decent moderation. A man meeting a group of his friends just as he is bent on obtaining his afternoon allowance of "sherry and bitters" must, if he does "sherry and bitters" must, if he does not violate usage, and if he wishes to do what is expected of him, ask them all to join him. Suppose the whole party to number seven. Seven drinks are poured down seven throats, willing or unwilling. What is the immediate result of this hospitality? Six other individuals feel themselves mortgaged with an obligation to equal it. There may be a little chat, and then some one says: "Ah, let's have another drink!" Then seven more drinks are poured down seven throats. More talk. Another happy thought by another memof the party. Seven more drinks descend the seven throats. More talk. A fourth inspiration by a fourth partici-A fourth inspiration by a fourth partici-pant. Some one who has done his fated duty tries to beg off; has business to duty tries to beg off; has business to transact; ought not to drink any more. His objection is vetoed by the asking party, who is already slightly stimulated perhaps. "No shirking ole feller, come on I" Repetition of the gulping act by seven performers. Every one feels the mellowing influence by this time. "Charley," says No. Six affectionately to the genius of the bar, "giv's 'nother! All hands round!" Encore the feat of seven men swallowing seven drinks. No. Seven's turn has arrived. The happy relief is near. He happens to be the least experienced of the party. He is already full of bliss. He happens to be the least experienced of the party. He is already full of bliss. His words are few but expr sive. "Se em up again, hic!" Up they go, and then down they go—seven more drinks. Let us see. Seven times seven are forty-nine. And all because one man felt like taking a little "sherry and bitters". Parhavs he goes howe to have to felt like taking a little "snerry and bit-ters." Perhaps he goes home to his diuner afterward. Perhaps he don't. Perhaps he fails to see his wife and mother-in-law until the next day. Such is life in a country where "treating" is the custom.—New York Herald.

A Fortune at One Swallow.

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It is gravely related in a work called Lawson's "History of Banking," that the Spanish embassador to the English court, having extolled the great riches of his king, the master of the Indies, and of the grandees of Spain, before Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Gresham, who was present, told him that the queen had subjects who, at one meal, expended not only as much as the daily revenues of the king, but also of all the grandees, and added, "This I will prove any day and lay a heavy wager on it." revenues of the king, but also of all the grandees, and added, "This I will prove any day and lay a heavy wager on it." So Gresham outbragged the Spaniard in his own line. The embassador, biding his time, came unawres to the mansion of Sir Thomas in Bishopegste, and dined with him, when, finding only an ordinary meal, he said: "Well, sir, you have lost your stake?" "Not atall," answered Sir Thomas; "and this you shall presently see." He then pulled a box from his pocket, and taking out one of the largest Eastern pearls, showed it to the embassador. After which he ground it down and drank the dust in a glass of wine, to the health of the queen, his mistress. "My lord embassador;" said Sir Thomas, "you know I have often refused £15,000 for that pearl. Have I lost or won?" "I yield the wager as lost," said the embassador; "and I do not think there are four subjects in the world that would do as much for the sovereign,"—London Society.