

Lines to the First Fly of 1879.

Dance on my nose with your tickling feet,
Blue bottle fly!
Sing in my ears with your buzz to greet
Me, as I lie.
You will seek me out in my dark retreat,
With an eager zeal that no screen can beat,
And I try to slap you clear into the sweet,
Sweet, by-and-by.
I haven't seen you since 'seventy-eight,
Little house fly;
And I see you now with the bitterest hate
You can defy.
Oh, how I hate you, nobody knows,
Author of half of my summer woes,
Oh, how I prayed that you might be troze,
Villainous fly.
All through the winter you did not freeze,
Not much, Mary Ann.
Now all the summer you'll do as you please,
That is your plan.
When, in the warm afternoons, we would sleep,
Near us your wakefulst vigil you'll keep;
Precious is sleeping, but waking is cheap,
Sleep, man, if you can.
Oh, how I wish that my two broad hands,
Spread left and right,
Stretched from the poles to Equator's hands,
Giants of might.
Some summer day in my wrath I would rise,
Sweeping all space with my hands of size,
And smash all the uncounted million of flies
Clear out of sight.
Vain are my wishes, oh little house fly,
You're hard to mash;
Strong men may swear and women may cry,
"Teething their gnash;
But into the house your friends you'll lug,
You'll bathe your feet in the syrup jug,
And your cares you'll drown in the baby's mug,
Cheeky and brash.
Still, precious lessons, dear little house fly,
You teach to me.
Hated or loved, you tell me that I
Happy may be.
Why should I care, when I tickle a nose,
Whether its owner's conduct shows
That he likes it or hates it, just so it goes
Pleasant to me.
* This line should read: "Gnashing their teeth," but a little poetic license was necessary to bring in the rhyme.
—Burlington Hawkeye.

TILLY.

"Asked Tilly?"
"Yes, actually. I heard him myself
Did you ever?"
Miss Rosie Green, for an answer
looked unutterable things. Miss Posie
Green took off her sundown and fanned
herself vigorously with it. She looked
warm; her face was flushed with feeling
no less than with the weather. She and
her sister were no longer as youthful as
their names suggested. Moreover, irrita-
tion brings out the lines and wrinkles
of a face, and it is unquestionably irrita-
ting to be passed over for a slip of a
thing with a doll-baby face, not one's
own flesh and blood at that.
"It's all pa's fault," Miss Rosie pur-
sued, presently. "He does spoil that
girl so abominably. There will be no
enduring her presently."
"I shouldn't be one bit surprised if Mr.
Leonard makes so much of her just to
please pa. Men are such time-servers.
Of course it's to his interest to keep in
pa's good books."
"There goes go now!" cried Miss
Rosie in an excited whisper, flying to the
window, and peeping through a crack in
the shutter.
"For goodness' sake, don't give her
the satisfaction of seeing you look at
her."
"I don't care whether she sees me or
not—a rush. That old pink calico
! I do think she might have had the
decency to make herself look respecta-
ble, riding out with pa's young man."
"Pa's young man! What a way to
put it!"
"Well, isn't he, for the present? He's
reading medicine in pa's office, I'm sure,
and he takes the messages that are left,
and tells pa afterward. For my part, I
think he is bound to be civil to pa's
daughter's."
"Well, he is being civil to one of them."
"Yes, that's the worst of the way
pa treats Tilly. It's real unjust to us,
hateful little piece!"
A case of cruel step-sisters, you are
thinking. However, there was no re-
sistance of blood or marriage in this
instance. Dr. Green had adopted Tilly,
brought her with him when he moved to
Woodbridge fifteen years ago. She was
a mere baby then, and his wife was
still living, and cared for the child like
her own. She was a motherly soul, and
loved babies. Her own girls had left
infancy half a score of years behind
them. Since her death life had not been
so smooth for Tilly. Perhaps the Green
girls would have been kind to another
person in the same situation, but they
certainly made life a burden to their little
adopted sister. There is no account-
ing for likes and dislikes. It did not
prove Tilly morally deficient because
she aroused the worst feelings in Rosie's
and Posie's natures. It is an unpleasant
mystery why certain antagonistic na-
tures should be subjected to certain ex-
asperating frictions. There are those
whom it sets wild to feel the down of the
peach. Others bite through the skin
with unalloyed enjoyment.
Mr. Leonard—he hoped to be Dr.
Leonard this time next year—drove a
fast horse before a shining new buggy.
It was a bright day, and he had a pretty
girl beside him. His spirits rose to the
level of the occasion. Tilly and he
laughed and talked in a way that would
have driven Miss Posie frantic. I specify
Miss Posie, because her sister had ac-
quired two or three years' additional
resignation in which to bear the ills of
spinsterhood; wall-flowering had be-
come almost a second nature. But Tilly
laughed on regardless. She was happy.
John Leonard was the handsomest, best-
mannered, the best-dressed young man
she had ever known, and he had singled
her out for his especial favor. She was
willing to believe anything of an auspicious
fortune.
John Leonard compared her mean-
while to a wild rose, her bloom was so
exquisite, her whole effect so dainty.
Her large dark eyes were wonderfully
bright and shining. I am afraid she
was quite unaware how much they
awowed as she raised them to John's
face now and again. Prudence should
have kept them averted.
"I burned my finger to-day," she
said, displaying it, "taking the baked
custard out of the oven."
"Why, the poor little finger! And
such bad stuff as custard is, after all!"

"Do you think so? Pa likes it."
"Yes. So did my mother. She al-
ways considered it an especial treat. I
was a tender-hearted chap. It made me
unhappy because I hated it; it seemed
ungrateful."
Tilly thought this a delightful trait.
"We often have custard," she pursued.
"It's so hard to think up new kinds of
desserts."
"And a great waste of brains."
"Perhaps it is. I often wish I had
more time for improving my mind."
"You should take the time," dogmatized
John. He had had it on his mind to
say this. It struck him that Tilly's
education was shamefully neglected.
She wrote a wretched, scratchy little
hand; she stumbled in reading aloud an
ordinary newspaper paragraph; she had
once committed herself to the opinion
that Vienna was in France. It was
strange that beauty could be so illiterate
—strange and a shame. The poor child
was kept drudging from morning till
night, cooking, sweeping, dusting. Why
didn't those two sisters of hers put their
shoulders to the household wheel? It
was all they were good for. Some one
had said that Tilly was not old Green's
own child. The more fool she to wear
herself out in his service; but women
were apt to be fools; they would slave
themselves to death for any man who
gave them a kind word. At least so his
mother had always said. And old
Green was certainly affectionate enough
to the girl. Poor little thing, who
could help being good to her? All this,
while he kept up at the same time an
animated conversation with Tilly.
Nor was that the last drive they took
together. He asked her all the oftener
why she saw it made the "wicked sis-
ters," as he dubbed them, angry. As it
proved, he asked Tilly far oftener than
was good for her. This was only an
episode with him; with Tilly it was the
most real experience of her life. John
Leonard seldom talked of his plans, but
when he mapped out his career for him,
She had graduated in medicine he
should become her father's partner, and
finally relieve her father of the burden
of his practice, and then—and then—
Tilly always herself shared these air-
castles with John.
This was a long, long time ago—be-
fore the war, almost; accurately, at the
very breaking out of the war. Those
drives occurred during the April and
May when the first regiments were put
in the field. At first John Leonard,
who was an Englishman, escaped the
war fever. Let these brothers fight out
their own family quarrels. But gradu-
ally the soul of the war clarsions "passed
into his blood." He must have a hand
in this himself. A man must belong
somewhere. So he coolly informed Dr.
Green one day that he had enlisted; he
was going to fight for his shoulder-
straps. "As for my diploma, I'll wait
awhile for that."
The doctor told him he was mad, and
urged him at least to wait a year. But
much recked John; it is a waste of
words to answer a young man except ac-
cording to his folly. John was an ardent
soldier by this time. He had come to
America to seek his fortune; perhaps the
way to it lay along the path of glory.
When he came to bid Tilly good-bye,
she burst out crying. That settled the
question as to their manner of farewell.
He took her in his arms and kissed her
repeatedly. This was decidedly wrong,
decidedly imprudent, although they
were only affectionate, brotherly kisses.
Miss Rosie came in as he released her.
"Well, Matilda Green!" she cried, with
an intonation that meant anything but
well. But Tilly was too heart-broken to
extenuate her conduct. She left that
to John, who said, good-naturedly:
"You'll give me a kiss too, won't you,
Miss Rosie? Remember, you may never
see me again."
And he actually kissed her too. He
wanted to put it out of her power to
tease poor Tilly. She had been guilty of
the same impropriety herself.
Poor Tilly was wretched, wretched,
after he was gone. But she was buoyed
up by hopes and visions. She had a
bright picture, too, of John which he
sent her when he was made a lieutenant.
Oh, how proud she was when that
came!
She never forgot that speech of John's
about improving her mind. She tried
hard to find time to do so. Her favorite
method was the composition of letters to
John, which were never sent, in the
course of which she would laboriously
hunt out in the dictionary nearly the
words she wanted to use, to insure their
correct spelling. She also endeavored
to find time to read such light literature
as was contained in the weekly paper of
the household. She read the love
stories, to be sure, with an especial zest
apart from their purpose as educators.
They struck a kindred chord.
One day John Leonard received in
camp a copy of this same paper—the
Woodbridge News. It contained a marked
paragraph. "Good gracious!" he
said, reading it, "old Green's dead.
How fearfully sudden!"
His particular chum, Lieutenant Phil
Ross, was standing by. This gentleman
was a comorant of facts—a trait which
the thoughtless are apt to confound with
curiosity; but I contend that there is a
difference between inquisitiveness and
acquisitiveness. Mr. Ross stretched out
his hand for the paper.
"Old Green? Hum! ah, yes—Dr.
Green! By Jove! 'Philbrick Green, for-
merly of Greenbrier, New York.' I
knew the man. I hail from Greenbrier
myself. So he has turned up again, has
he? Woodbridge, Rockland county,
Pennsylvania. Been in Woodbridge,
eh? What ever took you there?"
"I studied medicine in Dr. Green's
office. There was an excellent opening
for a country practice."
"Let us see; he had two daughters—
Rosie and Posie."
"Three."
"The third was only an adopted
daughter. She accounts for my interest
in him. Her mother was a distant
cousin of mine. Left a widow with
three children, utterly destitute. Sewed
for her living. The Greens took a fancy
to her little Tilly, and offered to take her
off her hands. She agreed, rather than
let the child starve. The Greens moved
away shortly afterward. The last time
I was in Greenbrier (I run up there
every summer to see my mother) I found
that my cousin had married—a very
well-to-do man, too. Her other children
had died meanwhile, and she had set her
heart on reclaiming Tilly. Her husband
had made inquiries for Dr. Green, but to
no purpose. He had made two or three
moves since leaving Greenbrier, and no
one knew where he had moved to last.
My cousin was fretting herself sick. I
can't say that I pitied her as much as
though she had not given up her child
of her own free will, to begin with. It
always seemed an unmotherly thing to
me. And here I have suddenly un-
earthed the girl!"
"Luckily enough for her," John

opined. "Rosie and Posie will lead her
a life of it, I dare say. They'll have it
all their own way now, and a very un-
pleasant way it is, as I happen to know."
"Had old Green, as you call him, any
money?"
"Should say he had. I hope he has
left Tilly her share of it. She will get
nothing by favor from those two close-
fisted old maids that does not come to
her by right."
"I'll write to her mother this very
day."
"And I'll write to Tilly," John added.
He wrote to the mother, too; he
seemed so anxious, as Phil said, to have
his finger in every corner of the pie that
Phil waived his rights of acquaintanceship
and permitted his friend to make the
disclosures to Mrs. Eaton, Phil con-
tending himself with inclosing a few lines
to his cousin—endorsing John's moral
character—in that young man's own
words.
"Speed!" came the answer. A very
incoherent, agitated, short little note
from Tilly, so badly penned and ex-
pressed as to be almost illegible and un-
intelligible. But John made out from
it that she was very unhappy, and would
have any change with joy. Mrs. Eaton's
missive was blotted with tears. She
had evidently a talent for letter-writing,
that is, for the writing of letters consid-
ered as essays. This one invoked bless-
ings upon John's head. It referred to
the writer's past sorrowful life. It was
a dirge.
"She always had that whining way
about her," Mr. Ross commented, after
perusing it. "Coddles her miseries, you
know."
Not long afterward arrived the news
that Tilly had gone out to her mother in
Greenbrier. John breathed a sigh of
relief. He had learned that Dr. Green
had died intestate. His property had
gone to his legal heirs. It would have
been hard lines for Tilly, slaving all the
rest of her days for those hard task-mis-
tresses, the "wicked sisters." The life-
long bondage seemed inevitable to
John's excited imagination.
So several months passed. Then John
applied for leave, on his doctor's advice,
who said he needed rest. It was a problem
where to spend it. He had no mother or
sisters to hasten to who would receive
him with open arms, and make each
day his home a holiday. He had
distant relations in England, none in this
country. He would have gone to Wood-
bridge, as being the nearest approach to
home, had Dr. Green and Tilly still been
there. He would like to see Tilly. She
had cried when he had bidden her good-
bye. He did not think that any one else
had shed tears for his sake since. Poor
little Tilly! Pretty little Tilly! He had
a great notion to go to Greenbrier and
look her up. He wanted to find out
whether she would be glad to see him.
He went to Greenbrier. He found the
decent, tidy little brick house where the
Eaton's lived. The woman who ad-
mitted him went up stairs to tell Miss
Tilly so noisily that John thought
she must be in her stocking feet. And
when Tilly came down to him she ap-
peared to have on list shoes. Every-
thing about the house was muffled.
"Mother has a dreadful headache,"
Tilly explained; "she suffers terribly
with neuralgia."
It was impossible not to see that Tilly
was extremely agitated. The hand she
gave to John was like ice, and trembled
in his touch. He almost seated her, still
holding her hand, and she looking up at
him with the old wistful look in her
eyes. John was touched. He always
had liked Tilly. And, poor little soul,
how thin she was! Was it possible that
she had only exchanged one kind of
bondage for another?
She went out to the front door with
him when he left, and he saw then in the
daylight how pale she had grown. He
asked her to take a drive with him for
the sake of old times. "You look as
though you needed fresh air."
"Yes, I do not get out often; mother
is so ailing."
On the evening of his last day in Green-
brier he had made up his mind that he
would ask her to marry him. He had
very little doubt of her answer, poor
foolish child; for his own part he fancied
he was in love with her. At all events,
he ought to be in love with some one by
this time. Tilly was almost the only
girl he had ever known well.
But fate interfered with his intention.
Mrs. Eaton was so ill that Tilly could
not be spared from her side for more than
five minutes. She ran down just to say
good-bye. John resolved that he would
write instead. He told Tilly he would
write. "And take care of yourself," he
added. She did not cry this time. Per-
sons who take an extreme view of human
maladies would perhaps have said that
she looked simply broken-hearted.
When John did write, it was a differ-
ent sort of letter from the one he had
planned. On his return to camp he was
confronted by a crisis in his life. A gay
party from Washington came down to
dine and flirt in the tented field in lieu
of the conventional ball-room. Of its
number was Maud Gale, who, if experi-
ence goes for anything, should have been
an adept in both dancing and flirting.
A society girl par excellence, but the first
of the type who had crossed John Leon-
ard's path. She had cultivated fascina-
tion to the full extent of her powers,
and John fell an easy victim to her prac-
ticed wiles. He was bewitched. What
if her hair were blonded, and her skin
were whitened and reddened, and her
eyebrows blackened? John was as in-
nocent as a babe about these matters.
To him Maud was radiant in all the
fresh beauty of young womanhood.
Tilly? She faded in his thought by con-
trast into such a mere dull little country
girl.
Still bewitched, he became engaged
to Maud. She reasoned that she might
do worse. She had weathered a good
many Washington campaigns now,
young as she looked. Still bewitched,
he would have married her had not fate
intervened. Had he done so, he would
infinitely have rudely awakened from
his golden dream; but he would doubt-
less have survived his disillusion, just
as other men and women have done before
him. He might have found comfort in
the reflection that he was no more
wretched than other men who like him
had married—for love.
He was still madly infatuated, how-
ever, when his regiment was ordered
into the field, which ended in a
victory for his side, but which left him
in a condition hovering between life and
death. He was desperately wounded;
and—poor fellow!—when they first told
him that the amputation of his right
arm was unavoidable, it seemed to him
that he would rather die outright. A
crippled maimed! He thought of Maud
and her strong, bright beauty with a
sickening sensation of unfairness.
He lay at death's door for weeks.
Part of the time he was too ill to recog-
nize any one. Only the tenderest nur-

ing, the most assiduous care, saved him.
And when he finally opened his eyes to
consciousness, upon what assiduous and
tender nurse do you suppose they
rested?
It was incredible. Upon whom but
gentle, care-worn, gazelle-eyed little
Tilly. "How long ago?" began John,
then dropped off to sleep again.
It had been almost a year now since he
had seen this dewy woodland rose. He
had only written her one letter mean-
while, but that letter had been her
heart's sustenance ever since. She had
laid it away among certain other mem-
ories of hers—memories which retained
their sweetness like withered sprigs of
lavender. As the months sped by she
made up her mind that she would never
see John again—that he had forgotten
her. This was her presentiment. But
she did not blame John because he had
not proved all that she once hoped he
would; that had been her mistake, but
a mistake which had been also her one
joy and romance. She called him her good
angel. In the dear Hebrew phrase, he
had come to her—as in truth every good
friend comes to us—as an angel of God.
During this weary while her mother
died. Tilly found herself without a tie
in life. She might come and go as she
pleased. There was a distinct desire in
her loving heart to do the one work for
an unemployed woman just then. But
it was some little time before she
gathered courage to carry out her wish
to become a hospital nurse. The alarm-
ing first step once taken, she went on
easily enough. And she found an im-
mense pleasure in thus being of use, as
she proved, and of comfort to many suf-
fering souls.
The Providence which directs small
matters as well as great, appointed her
duties in a certain ward in a certain hos-
pital, where she came upon John Leon-
ard's white face one day, as he lay
stretched on his cot of pain, and she
realized, with a sudden tumultuous
rush of feeling, that it was for her, hu-
manly speaking, to tend him back to life.
She felt as though this satisfaction more
than compensated for all that she had
suffered—loneliness, neglect, disappoint-
ment—in the past.
There was little romance about Maud
Gale. She made some excuse for break-
ing her engagement as soon as she learned
of John's misfortune. She had little
faith in a one-armed man's being able to
fight the battles of life successfully. And
success meant to her more than affection;
one might fall in love many times over.
John fortunately found that the cure
for his disappointment lay in the nature
of the disappointment itself. "So weak
a thing! So weak a thing!"
So we come to the end. Tilly, con-
tinuing her round of blessed duties, was
greatly surprised when John told her,
not many months after that, that she
was the one need of his life. She had
buckled down to work. When love
came to her suddenly, its voice was as a
voice in a dream. But she believed it
—oh, how gladly! It is so easy for youth
to be happy, to forget!
Miss Gale might have married a dis-
tinguished man, after all. Dr. Leonard
graduated in his profession immediately
before his marriage to Tilly, and his
name by this time is one that is well
known among physicians.—Harper's
Bazar.

Umbrellas and Parasols.

The umbrella, as a sun-shade, boasts
an antiquity greater by many centuries
than that of the Christian religion. It
seems to have had its origin in the ne-
cessities of the tropical countries of the
East, and was for many years used only
by the plebeians and those in high estate.
The original form seems to have been
somewhat similar to that with which
all are familiar, though in some coun-
tries a sun-shade was also constructed in
the form of a banner. In whatever form
it was constructed, however, it was al-
ways cumbersome, and required, not only for
dignity's sake, but for physical reasons
as well, an attendant to carry it. In
Greece and Rome the umbrella or um-
braculum, as it was called, was used as
a sun-shade by the wealthy, and was
also still retained as a distinctive mark
of royalty. Ladies had their maids
carry these parasols over them during
the day; even effeminate men used the
same protection from the strong rays of
the sun. The form of the parasol ap-
pears to have been very much like that
which we use, but the covering was
made of skin or leather, and could be
closed and opened at will. An English
writer, as late as 1608, describes the Ital-
ian fans, and concludes with the infor-
mation that "many of them do carry
other fine things of a far greater price,
that will cost at least a ducat (about
\$1.37), which they commonly call in the
Italian tongue *umbrellas*, that is, things
that minister shadow unto them for
shelter against the scorching heat of the
sun. These are made of leather, some-
thing answerable to the form of a little
canopy, and hooped in the inside with
diverse little wooden hoops that extend
to the top of the umbrella in a pretty
large compass. They are used especially by horsemen,
who carry them in their hands when
they ride, fastening the end of the handle
against one of their thighs; and they
impart so long a shadow unto them,
that it keepeth the heat of the sun from
the upper part of their bodies." The
umbrella flourished in other southern
countries at the same time, and was not
unheard of in England, though it had
not been adopted into general use, and
was not even familiar to the masses of
the people. Mention is made of it, how-
ever, as early as 1616, and before the
close of the seventeenth century the
parasol had become considerably used.
Its introduction into England and France
apparently having come from China,
as the form was somewhat similar to
that used in China and Japan.
The use of umbrellas as defenses against
the rain did not become general until
late in the eighteenth century, though it
had been used to some extent, exclu-
sively by ladies, for many years previous.
It was too offensive a thing for men,
and when Mr. Jonas Hanway, in the
streets of London, first had the boldness
to carry an umbrella, he was subjected
to no little ridicule, and it was some
years later before any men, except the
weak and sickly, had the temerity to
use essentially feminine covering as a
protection against rain. It is recorded
that the first umbrella seen in Glasgow
was brought there in 1781 from Paris,
and was regarded with much curiosity.
The first English umbrellas were made
of oiled silk, and when wet were very
difficult to open or close. The sticks and
ribs, too, were very large and heavy,
and altogether the umbrella was a de-
cidedly clumsy affair as compared with
the latest improved frame, with its al-
paca or silk covering of to-day. The
umbrella of two hundred years ago, with
a thirty-one-inch rib, weighed three and
a half pounds; one of the same size
now weighs not over six or eight

The Young Man with the Wringer.

One day about a week ago a slim-
wasted young man with a clothes wringer
under his arm attempted to open the
gate of a yard on Cass avenue. He had
made up his mind that he could sell the
people a wringer, and he might have ac-
complished his object but for a dog about
as big as a tobacco hoghead, which
stood waiting on the other side of the
gate for a chance to tackle some leg-
gionary agent.
"I'll call again," whispered the agent
as he turned to go, and he meant just
what he said. The presence of one dog
did not discourage him except for the
moment. He passed up the street and in
an hour returned to try again. There
was no dog there as he opened the gate,
but in ten seconds after the latch clicked
a bundle of teeth and bones shot around
the corner of the house and the agent
shot across the road.
"Now, you mark my words!" he said,
as he shook the wringer at the dog. "I'll
give you five dollars if I have to walk over
your dead body!"
He meant it again, and in the after-
noon he returned. He surveyed the yard
from every point, had reasons to con-
clude that the dog was down cellar,
waiting for rats, and finally opened the
gate. School children who were watch-
ing said that the dog overshot the mark
by trying to swallow the agent and
wringer at one gulp, and therefore got
neither; but it was such a close shave
that the young man went round the cor-
ner minus his hat and one coat-tail. He
did not return again by daylight. Per-
haps it was he who tossed the poisoned
meat over the fence that night, and per-
haps it was some young man who wanted
to fall in love with the good-looking
girl in the house. Some folks may think
the dog didn't find the meat, but there
are proofs to the contrary. The agent
was on hand about nine o'clock the next
morning, and to his great joy discovered
the dog's dead body lying in the yard.
The poison had done its work and he
was free to announce the merits of his
wringer to the waiting family.
A boy who sat on a fence saw the dog's
eyes open a little as the agent passed
through a gate. He saw the dog softly
get upon his feet after the agent had
passed the "body." He saw something
like a grin cross that canine's face as he
got his legs well under him, and then
he lay fell off his roost, and only scram-
bled up in time to see a shadow cross
a vacant lot, jumping clear over the tops
of old thistles and never minding the
old hands. The wringer around there
telling the dog had swallowed everything
belonging to the wringer except the dog
wheel, and that he buried alongside the
fence to "keep" for some future meal.—
Detroit Free Press.

An Army Officer's Suicide.

The mystery of the suicide of Lieuten-
ant Carrow, of the Seventh United States
Cavalry, at St. Louis, was cleared up by
the finding, among his personal effects,
of a letter written by Ella Sturgis, daugh-
ter of Major-General Sturgis, of the
United States Cavalry, and sister to Cap-
tain Jack Sturgis, who lost his life with
General Custer at the time of the famous
massacre. Miss Sturgis had met Carrow
at Fort Lincoln, Neb., where she and the
young lieutenant became very friendly.
The general thinking his daughter and
the young lieutenant were becoming too
devoted to each other, removed her to St.
Louis, hoping in this way to break up
a friendship which he deemed unwise.
Carrow's pride was stung, and, after
nursing his affliction for months, he re-
solved to come to St. Louis and settle
the momentous question. He arrived
there, and at once plunged into all the
fascinations of the best society. Four
weeks after his arrival he attended a
german at the house of a wealthy resi-
dent. He was to lead in the evening with
the young lady he so passionately loved.
He told a friend of this before the even-
ing arrived, and seemed delighted at the
thought of seeing Miss Sturgis. He
further stated that his prospects were
never fairer, and that he believed he was
going to be successful. The next day he
met the same friend, and said that he
flattered himself that the long and anx-
iously discussed question had been de-
cided in his favor. Just a week after
the event above mentioned Carrow told
the same friend that he was going to
make a final charge, and "if I am re-
pulsed," said he, "I'll give up the strug-
gle." The charge was made. It was
neither a defeat nor a victory. Ella had
answered: "Wait a few days, and I will
write you a letter." It is supposed by
the young lady he so passionately loved
that he received the letter before the even-
ing arrived, and that it was the final and unfavorable
answer. The next night the body of the
young man was placed on a Vandalaria
train and taken to its last resting place
in Pottsville, Penn., where his father lives.

The Extent of Freemasonry.

The following statistics of the number
of Freemasons' lodges which existed at
the end of last year, says the London
Family Herald, will be read with inter-
est: In Germany there are 342 lodges;
Switzerland has 33; Hungary 44; Rou-
mania, 11; Servia 1; England and Wales,
1,187; Scotland, 334; Ireland, 299; Gib-
ralter, 5; Malta, 4; Holland and Luxem-
burg, 46; Belgium, 15; Denmark, 7;
Sweden and Norway, 18; France, 287;
Spain about 300; Portugal, 22; Italy,
110; Greece, 11; Turkey, 16; Egypt, 28;
Tunis, 2; Algeria, 11; Morocco, 2; the
West Coast of Africa, 11; African Islands,
1; India, 118; Indian Islands, 16; China
73; Japan, 5; Australian Islands, 4;
Australia, 229; New Zealand, 84; United
States, 9,894; Canada, 535; Cuba, 30;
Hayti, 32; West Indian Islands, 65;
Mexico, 13; Brazil, 256; other States in
South America, 179; a total of about
5,000 lodges. The number of members
is calculated at above 5,000,000.

A Queer Character.

"Jimmy-the-Duck," of Virginia City,
Nev., is dead. He made a living by a
queer invention. He used to put a duck
in a box, with its head sticking out of a
hole, and allow the crowd to throw
clubs at it for twenty-five cents a throw.
The bird belonging to whoever should
hit it. The ducks would of course
"duck" their heads just before the sticks
whizzed along, and it was not often
that once in six months that Jimmy
would lose. The following is his epi-
taph: "Old Jimmy's weary bones are
now resting peacefully under the sage-
brush. Let us hope that when the
trump of the resurrection shall echo over
the rugged peak of Mount Davidson he
will be able to pop his head up like that
famous duck, and should the devil ap-
pear he may make a grab for the old man,
may he dodge back successfully."

After all, telegraphic repairs are the
best wire pullers in the country.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Little Girl's Wonder.
What do the birds say, I wonder, I wonder,
With their chitter and chatter? It isn't all
play,
Do they scold, do they fret and some boggle or
blunder,
As we fret, as we scold, day after day?
Do their hearts ever ache, I wonder, I wonder
At anything else than the danger that comes
When some enemy threatens them over or
under
The great, leaty boughs of their great, leaty
homes?
Do they vow to be friends, I wonder, I wonder,
With promises fair and promises sweet,
Then, quick as a wink, at a word fall asunder
As human friends do, in a moment of heat?
But day after day I may wonder and wonder,
And ask them no end of such questions as
these—
With chitter, and chatter, now over and under
The big, leaty boughs of the big leaty trees,
They dart, and they skim, with their bills full
of plunder,
But never a word of an answer they give.
But never a word shall I get, though I
wonder
From morning till night, as long as I live.
—Nora Perry, in St. Nicholas.

A Mischievous Monkey.
Little Jack is the fun of the whole cage,
and at the same time he is the plague and
torment of the inhabitants thereof. He is
about as large as a half-grown cat, and,
though quite a baby, he has the face of
an old man. He is a rhesus, the Bhu-
der, or sacred monkey of India. He is
remarkable for agility. His eyes are full
of intelligence and as quick as a hawk.
He is a regular Paul Pry, and intrudes
himself just wherever he is not wanted.
Thus, when Tilly and Jenny have nested
themselves in a corner, little Jack jumps
right into the middle of the group and
does his best to upset the party. Like all
little people, he has a great idea of his
own consequence, and he thinks that I—
his master—am terribly afraid of him, for
he makes at me the most hideous faces
and chatters in a manner that one would
think he is in his own estimation. He
can't bear being laughed at, and if I
laugh at him he gets perfectly savage. It
is a curious thing, but I always know
when it is getting on for one o'clock by
the monkeys beginning to cry out for
their dinner. They all have different
voices, and I know these voices as well
as I know the voices of people about me.
Tilly is a Moona monkey, and she almost
says the word "Moona" in her cry; it
is a pretty, melancholy cry. When angry
she makes a different noise; when eating
or warm she grunts with satisfaction, and
they say I grunt like her. Jenny has a
trembling whim. Little Jack chatters
"kik-kik-kik," and when he is in trouble
he screams most fearfully. The marmo-
set's note is a very high, squeaky, plain-
tive note, like that of a bat. He has also
another note which I cannot describe; it
is of anger or fear.
When the dinner of boiled potatoes is
brought up the monkeys sit round the
plate, each one eating as fast as he can.
It is then that their selfishness is fully
demonstrated. There is an old riddle:
"Why does a dog carry a bone in his
mouth? Ans. Because he has no pocket
to put it in." Most monkeys have cheek
pouches, and I am sure the reason why
they have pouches is as follows: Their
natural habitat is in trees. They come
down on the ground for insects. My
monkeys are particularly fond of meal-
worms. They collect their food on the
ground and put it in their pockets—that
is, pouches—and go up into the trees again
to finish their dinner. They, therefore,
when the potatoes arrive, set to work eat-
ing as hard as they can. They fill their
pouches at the same time. Little Jack has
very large pouches; no trace of them can
be seen at ordinary times, but at dinner
time he fills his pouches to such an extent
that the two of them put together are
nearly as big as his whole head.
Well, one day the two elderly monkeys
were sitting on the perch in the cage, fin-
ishing off the contents of their pouches,
and their tails were hanging straight
down from the perch. What must
struck little Jack do but take Tilly's tail
in one hand and Jenny's tail in the other,
and give both at the same moment a tre-
mendous pull. This brought the two
beauties on to the floor of the cage in an
instant. They were both furious at be-
ing thus interrupted at dinner-time;
they asked no questions, but each think-
ing the other had insulted her, began to
fight in a most unloving manner. They
grappled and rolled over and over like
an animated ball. They don't hurt them-
selves when fighting; their teeth are not
big enough. I can always stop them
by throwing cold water on them. While
they were fighting little Jack kept jump-
ing down upon them, to keep them going,
as it were. The rascal was much too
active ever to get caught. The noise of
the combat brought up Jenny the surri-
cated from the kitchen below. Jenny
was picked up by a friend of mine near
the Cape of Good Hope. He is about the
size of a large rat, and not unlike a mun-
goose in appearance. He always turns
up when a monkey fight is going on, and,
as usual, my gentleman comes, tall,
erect and fur all bristled, to make
himself look big. It so happened that
during this fight Tilly's tail projected
through the bars. Jenny immediately
bit it with his sharp teeth. Tilly thought
it was little Jack that had done this, so
she turned and hunted him all over the
cage, but she could not catch him. Little
Jack kept popping in and out the sleep-
ing box, and then Jenny joined in the
hunt. Jenny kept guard outside the
cage and bit anybody's tail as their tails
happened to come out from the bars. Al-
together, there was a nice row and little
Jack, as usual, was at the bottom of it.—
Frank Rockland, in Land and Water.

The Largest Libraries.
The largest library in the world is
stated to be the National Library at
Paris, which in 1874 contained 2,000,000
printed books and 150,000 manuscripts.
The British Museum and the Imperial
Library at St. Petersburg both contained
about 1,100,000 volumes in 1874, and the
relation is probably the same now. The
Royal Library of Munich contains 900,000
books. The Vatican Library at Rome in
erroneously supposed to be among the
largest, while in point of fact it is sur-
passed, so far as the number of volumes
goes, by more than sixty European col-
lections. It contains 105,000 printed
books and 25,500 manuscripts. In the
United States the largest is the library
of Congress at Washington, which in
1874 contained 361,000 volumes. The
Boston Public followed very closely after
it with 260,500, and the Harvard Uni-
versity collection came next with 200,000